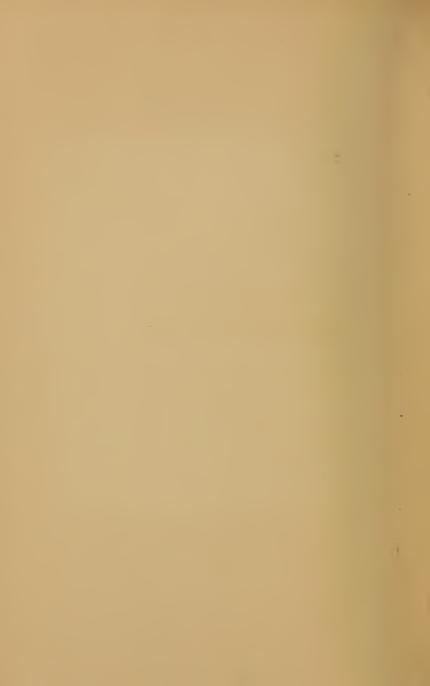
JAMES RYDER RANDALL



Derman







The Loems of Lames Kyder Kandall







JAMES RYDER RANDALL
1907

Randell, James Ryder 1839-1908

The Poems of James Ryder Randall

Edited with

Introduction & Notes

by

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, M.A.

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PREFACE

Randall, there appeared a small volume of his poems. The material was incomplete, hastily prepared, and hurriedly printed. It is the purpose of this edition to present other and hitherto unpublished verses, with a rearrangement of the whole; to correct the numerous errors and misprints, adding explanatory or suggestive notes; and to prefix a biographical sketch of this poetlaureate of the Southern Confederacy.

Some of the poems included in this edition are believed by students of his verse to equal or surpass, in point of poetic art, his battle-song, which, wed to martial music, has become world-famous. The poet himself felt this. It may well be asked why their publication has been so long delayed: why the author of Maryland! My Maryland! in his lifetime did not receive wider recognition as a poet of originality and power in other forms of verse.

The reply is that, while Randall was by no means the first genius to lack contemporary appreciation, his unusual attitude toward his own productions tended to work against his gaining distinction. He never wrote a line of verse for pecuniary remuneration; and, persistently refusing to publish his collected works, he gave away his poems to any one who asked for them, often preserving no copies; so that when finally persuaded, within a few weeks of his death, to begin to collect his verse, he was at a loss to know where some of it could be found. Moreover, his prime of life was

spent in an impoverished and war-stricken land, struggling for a bare livelihood; while those who by their appreciation might have upheld him were, like him, wholly given over to efforts to save themselves and the South from anarchy and social subversion.*

The biographical material and notes are given primarily at the suggestion of Mr. James Bryce, who stated in conversation with the editor touching the above points in Randall's career, that he, more than others, stood in need of this in connection with the publication of his poems. The notes are given with more than usual fulness at the request of many of the friends of the poet, including the president and faculty of his alma mater, Georgetown University, to whom the editor owes thanks for aid in the preparation of the volume. Valuable assistance has also been rendered by Miss Lilian McGregor Shepherd, whose devotion to the best interests of the poet made it possible to compile his work. The editor wishes especially to thank Miss Ruth Randall and the poet's family in Augusta for placing material at his disposal; Dr. W. P. Trent, of Columbia University, Dr. James W. Bright, of Johns Hopkins University, and Mr. William Tappan, of The Tefferson School, Baltimore, for criticisms and suggestions; also Dr. A. K. Bond for reading of material in original and proofs, and Mrs. Hester Dorsey Richardson for endorsement of the genealogical data as given in the biographical sketch. M. P. A.

^{*}See Charles Francis Adams's review of the fifth volume of James Ford Rhodes's History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850.

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Introduction



INTRODUCTION

I. BIOGRAPHICAL

IAMES RYDER RANDALL was born in Baltimore, Maryland, January 1, 1839. He came of an ancestry that was marked by a strange intermingling of conflicting creeds and warring peoples. The five generations before him in maternal and paternal ancestry represented English Episcopalians, French Catholics, Irish Church of England adherents, and Maryland Catholics. The old French Bible handed down in the Randall family shows that the poet was a direct descendant of René Leblanc, the "gentle notary" immortalized in Evangeline. René's daughter, Marguerite, married in Maryland Cyprian Dupuis, a fellow-exile from Acadia, and their daughter wed William Hooper, who was descended from the Massachusetts family represented in the signing of the Declaration of Independence. In another line the prominence and popularity of the Irish branch of the family is still attested by a magnificent silver punch bowl, inherited from Archbishop Killen of Dublin.

The early training of the poet was under the guidance of his mother, to whose memory he wished that every line of his should be dedicated. Subsequently

he was placed under the somewhat severe discipline of Mr. Joseph H. Clarke, who had the distinction of having taught Edgar Allan Poe. Later young Randall entered the preparatory department of Georgetown College as the youngest and smallest boy that had ever been received as a student. Although but eleven years old, he sent home stanzas entitled On First Seeing Georgetown College. It is needless to add that these will scarcely bear comparison with those addressed to the Distant Prospect of Eton, but they were preserved by his mother and were more precious to her than the verses which a decade later formed the most spirited appeal to arms in the English tongue.

It was not long before Randall was achieving distinction at Georgetown. To quote the words of Mr. Caleb E. Magruder, a college mate, who delivered an address on the unveiling of the portrait of the poet in the State House at Annapolis in 1909:

He was soon regarded as the poet of the college by students and faculty. He wrote poems for the undergraduates for delivery at the commencement exercises, one the story of the Mother of the Gracchi, and the other the Pass of Thermopyla,* which were regarded as masterpieces for one of his youthful years. His talent ran decidedly to belles-lettres, as we knew literature in those days. His constant companion was the newest book of this kind. He it was who first called my attention to the weird beauty of The Raven, and so impressed me with his exuberance of appreciation of it that I could but feel that he was possessed of a glowing poetic temperament which

^{*}Neither poem has yet been found.

the stress of life and maturity of years would undoubtedly reveal. Byron was his favorite author, while Shelley and Keats were scarcely less an inspiration. Without the extreme weirdness of Poe and the unhappy disposition of Byron, he still somewhat temperamentally combined the natures of both.

After leaving Georgetown, Randall traveled through the Gulf States, the West Indies, and South America. His travels made this a period of observation, mental growth and expansion. Several of his poems bear reference to the places he thus visited in his postgraduate wanderings, as *Eidolon* in the following lines:

Dark Corcovado, did I not,
With heart and soul aflame,
Carve on thy broad monarchal brow
Her wildly worshiped name?
Watching the homeward ships scud by
Before the nimble breeze;
Till memory with them swept away
Beyond the tropic seas.

These verses were written at the age of nineteen upon his return to the United States. After a brief sojourn in New Orleans, he accepted the chair of English literature at the then flourishing Poydras College at Pointe-Coupée in Louisiana. Here he was destined to immortalize his name through the inspired stanzas of Maryland! My Maryland! Until this time, no verses of the young poet had displayed any of that tense feeling that was thrilling all the air of the sections about to engage in bloody strife. But the news of conflict came from his native city; and soon in printed

form he read the account of the clash in the streets of Baltimore. He read of the wounding of a classmate—the first to fall—shot down by the passing soldiers. This occurred on the 19th of April; and his friend, in falling, had cried that it was another Lexington.*

Randall felt that the South was indeed invaded. The night after reading the news he could not sleep, and, after restlessly pacing up and down his room, he seized a pencil and wrote, by the light of a sputtering candle, the fervid lines of Maryland! My Maryland!

The next morning the verses were mailed to the editor of the New Orleans *Delta*. They appeared at once and spread through the South like wildfire. In Maryland their effect was magical. They were read to the poet's mother in Baltimore, who, not knowing their authorship, exclaimed, "Oh, that they had been my son's!" And if the unexpected realization of this wish made the devoted mother proud, keen must have been the joy of the young poet, from childhood an admirer of Byron, when he received from a member of the family of that English genius a letter requesting a manuscript copy of the poem and inviting the author to visit London.

Maryland! My Maryland! was soon followed by other war songs of the Confederacy, and the singer sought active service in the Southern armies. But shortly after enlisting he was mustered out because of severe hemorrhages of the lungs. He had had in the space of a few years eleven of these hemorrhages.

^{*}April 19, 1775.

Randall was a romantic youth, and, to his disadvantage in practical affairs, was perhaps over-idolized by the fair sex. Even in the years of the Civil War, he is found to have been frequently inditing softer strains, now to Ma Belle Créole, now to The Damsel of Mobile or to other gentle fancies of the time being. It is possible that Malgherita, one of the daintiest of musical fantasies, is the one sentimental ballad of his that was wholly the result of fancy without a mortal form as the exciting cause. However, one of his lyrics (which the reader is left to discover among his poems) may be said to strike a final note in his love verses. In a railway coach, near the close of the war, he borrowed a newspaper—a rare sight in the South in those days from a young lady. It is not recorded whether he really wanted the paper or ever read it, but it is recorded that he took occasion to meet the fair stranger afterward and that she, the daughter of General M. C. M. Hammond, of South Carolina, became his wife, while the newspaper was the Augusta Chronicle, with which he was in later years so long associated as Washington correspondent and as editor.

From now on, Randall, essentially a dreamer by nature and impractical by disposition, was compelled to undertake an uphill struggle so difficult and so unceasing in its continual drudgery, for the most part in a newspaper office in Georgia, that the muse of poetry was neglected; in fact, during this time he became so greatly changed that when he again visited his native State the companions of his youth could scarcely recognize in him those poetic attributes and

aspirations that had so characterized him some twenty years before.

For many years, Randall was secretary to Congressman William H. Fleming, of Georgia, and afterward to Senator Joseph E. Brown, during which period he was brought into close contact with prominent men. His letters to the *Chronicle* were widely quoted by his contemporaries and prove interesting even to the reader of to-day. Occasionally his true poetic nature would, in some chance hours amid his conscientious labors on his clerical duties, break forth into verse, which was generally of a deeply reflective or religious nature, as in *Resurgam*.

Except for these visits to Washington, Randall had established himself, for forty years and more, far from his native city and state. But in 1907, under the auspices of the appreciative Edwin Warfield, at that time Governor of Maryland, a plan was suggested for the official recognition and material support of the poet who had so immortalized his State in song. He was the guest of the city of Baltimore in the home-coming festivities of 1907. He renewed his friendship for the Hon. William Pinkney Whyte, then at the age of eighty-four, an active member of the United States Senate, who made arrangements for the publication of the poems, the compilation of which his later and most devoted friend, Miss Lilian McGregor Shepherd, alone was able to induce him seriously to begin. To her were penned his last words of longing for his native State of Maryland, written from Augusta and received by her on the day of his death, January 15, 1908. Sustained by an unfaltering religious faith, he had no fear of death, but his days had been the days of a dreamer buffeted by, and in turn buffeting, a sea of troubles. He gave the best he had to his friends, his life to his home and family, to his native State an immortal name, and to the English language perhaps the greatest of all battle-hymns.

II. CHARACTER AND PLACE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE— AN ESTIMATE OF THE MAN AND THE POET

From his earliest years, when Randall's character was being molded by his mother, to the days of his death it was the sympathy and faith of women that most sustained him when throughout his life he was "breasting the blows of circumstance." When his dreamy forgetfulness of self and self-interest would exhaust the patience of the merely practical, he would ever be sure of consolation in the friendship of appreciative women.

Although the poet has testified that in early life he "shunned the narrow path," he did not wander long or far, but being by nature religiously inclined, he became one of the most devout members of the Catholic Church in America. His faith was sublime and beautiful. Whatever the storm and stress of the time, he never neglected any form of religious observance that he deemed a part of his earthly duty toward his Maker. In his last letter to Miss Shepherd, his "daughter" in Maryland, he exhibits his patient resignation and trust in Providence. After writing of his great longing in

his latter days for his native State, and of his severe struggle for a living even in his declining years, he adds:

I have so long submitted to what I felt was God's will that whenever I am not supernaturally helped to go where I wish, I patiently wait for the deliverance and always find it for the best. Wherefore, using every human effort to get back to Baltimore, what can I do but await the summons from on high and the necessary pecuniary support?*

Randall should not be termed sectional or narrow. He was one of the most liberal and forgiving of men. In the war he sang of the South and linked his name with a cause lost by the arbitrament of arms. He struck out passionately at the foe in his poems on the Civil strife; yet not in a spirit of drawing invidious comparisons, but of interest in a comparative study of poetic expression in the embattled sections, we find a great deal of verse by the Northern bards as hotly phrased as any by the author of Maryland! My Maryland! and The Battle Cry of the South. While Randall was writing of the "despot's heel" and the "tyrant's tread", † his later friend and generous admirer, Oliver

^{*}The reference to pecuniary support was in connection with the plans of Randall's friends to present a bill in the Maryland legislature to engage him to supervise the collection and cataloguing of historical documents in the State archives at Annapolis. It should be said here that if the poet was neglectful or impatient of detail or drudgery, it was with regard to his own interests alone.

[†]See the beginning and the end of his war-poems.

Wendell Holmes, wrote similes on the "angels that fight with the legions of hell"* or metaphors on the "Sons of Belial" within their "heathen walls." There is no reason now for passions to be aroused over the poetic expressions of either section. The South and the North may unite in praising the beautiful in both, for immediately upon the publication even of Randall's incomplete poems in 1908 he was hailed by a prominent and ardent lover of the Quaker poet as "The Whittier of the South." If we consider Randall's terms overdrawn and too general at times, let us read of the sufferings in the war-despoiled South and then compare Whittier's fierce and sweeping denunciation of the South and Southerners even in antebellum times.

It is difficult now, at the time of issuing this first complete collection of the poems of James Ryder Randall, to foretell what place will be given him in American literature. It has been said that "Whenever a true child of song strikes his harp, we love to listen." It is certain that Randall has done one thing superlatively well. What has he done in different vein to delight lovers of the poetic art? The fame of the martial Maryland! My Maryland! obscured even the name of this most modest of American bards and hid the fact that he had written other verse destined to delight the ear by its music and diversity of rhythm and to gratify the mind by originality of thought. Very few are those who have never heard Maryland! My Maryland! yet how many there are who have not known of the author!

^{*}From Choose You This Day Whom Ye Will Serve.

A handsomely printed collection of Southern Poems, published in Philadelphia as late as the beginning of the twentieth century, ascribes Randall's most famous battle hymn to a scribbler whom Randall himself had once exposed as a false claimant to Mrs. Beers's All Quiet Along the Potomac! Others of Randall's poems have been falsely claimed, and many of them have been printed anonymously in "carefully compiled" collections of the songs of war times.

If Maryland! My Maryland! be taken as a type of the poet's war verse, Why the Robin's Breast is Red is a poem in religious vein, telling a sacred myth-story with exquisitely beautiful simplicity. This poem, which would honor the genius of any poet, was printed and reprinted in the newspapers of the South and, without acknowledged authorship, preserved in almost every scrap-book in the Southern States. Illustrating another phase of Randall's poetic expression is the poem entitled Ha! Ha! (or Malgherita), a musical fantasy of which Poe, the master of rhythmical swing, might well have been proud.

Until recently Maryland has been singularly neglectful of the bard who wrote the greatest of our State songs. A belated move was made to honor him shortly before his death, and subsequently the Legislature unveiled his portrait at Annapolis. His friends and the lovers of his verse in his adopted State of Georgia have suitably marked his last resting place in Augusta, and purpose erecting a handsome shaft in a prominent city thoroughfare, taking for part of the inscription this stanza from one of his poems:

After a little while,
The cross will glisten and the thistles wave
Above my grave,

And planets smile.

Sweet Lord! then pillowed on Thy gentle breast,

I fain would rest,

After a little while.

III. THE HISTORY OF "MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!"

The facts that follow have been gathered from the poet, his family, his closest friends, and some of the actors in the presentation to the world of Randall's famous battle-song. Because so much that is mistaken in every imaginable manner and detail has been published concerning it, the complete story is here given.

James Ryder Randall wrote Maryland! My Maryland! at Poydras College, April 23, 1861. It was inspired during the sleepless night that followed the reading of an account of the clash between the citizens of Baltimore and the Sixth Massachusetts marching through the city to Southern soil, in which the first citizen to fall on that second 19th of April notable in American history was a friend and college mate of the poet.

Randall was then but twenty-two years of age and Poydras College a tolerably well-endowed Creole institution at Pointe-Coupée. But subsequent fires have destroyed every object associated with the writing of Maryland! My Maryland!—from the desk of the poetteacher to the buildings of the college itself.

The morning after the composition of My Maryland! the poet read it to his English classes, who received it

with enthusiasm. Upon being urged to publish it, the youthful instructor at once forwarded it to the New Orleans Delta, where it first appeared on April 26, from which paper the words were reprinted by newspapers throughout the Southern States.* In Maryland the poem was first published, May 31, in The South, a paper established in Baltimore by Thomas W. Hall, who was shortly thereafter confined in Fort Warren for spreading such "seditious sentiments." It was published in various forms in the poet's native city of Baltimore, where it was evident that the majority of the leading people, through close association with Southerners in business and social relations, sympathized with the South and were bitterly opposed to the intended coercion of the seceding States.

While the words and sentiments of "the new Secession poem" thrillingly appealed to Southern sympathizers, the music lovers of Baltimore saw in the swing and melody of the verse unexampled opportunity for some immediate musical adaptation in song. Henry C. Wagner, of the poet's native city, was the first to

^{*}The editor of the *Delta*, Mr. D. C. Jenkins, had already published some of Randall's verses, and had sent him early in April a copy of the poems of James Clarence Mangan, whose *Karamanian Exile* "solved the meter," as Randall expressed it, of *My Maryland!*, when the poet, in shaping the form of his verse, "turned to that passionate outburst." As Randall always freely acknowledged his debt to the "gifted Irish Poet" for the meter of *My Maryland!*, it is to be hoped, now that his collected poems are published, that this note will render ridiculous the further "discovery" from time to time of "Mangan's influence" on *My Maryland!*

sing My Maryland! adapting it to the air of Ma Normandie! a then familiar melody. Although not accompanied by the music, thousands of broadsides were printed in June with a note that the words were to be sung to the air of the French song. But though the French language was the means of starting My Maryland! on its melodious song-life, it was through the medium of the German that it attained its final form and immortality. Among the famous beauties of the Baltimore of 1861 were the Cary sisters, to whose home as loyal Southerners My Maryland! soon came. The fiery appeal to Southern valor was declaimed again and again by one sister, Miss Jennie Cary, to her sister Hettie, afterward Mrs. H. Newell Martin, with the expressed intention of finding a fitting musical accompaniment for the verses; and this search was continued until the then popular Lauriger Horatius was tried and thereupon adopted, and that night in the Cary home in the entertainment of a local glee club, "when her contralto voice rang out the stanzas, the refrain rolled from every throat present without pause or preparation. and the enthusiasm communicated itself with such effect to a crowd assembled beneath our open windows as to endanger the liberties of the party."*

The recurring "Maryland" of the second and fourth

^{*}Written by Mrs. Martin, at the request of Dr. Brander Matthews, in the Century of August, 1886, under the title of Songs of the Civil War. The writer, then the wife of Professor H. Newell Martin, of Johns Hopkins University, was the Miss Hettie Cary who had first played the music of My Maryland approximately to its present measure.

verses of each stanza in the poem required an additional "My Maryland" to adapt the words to the meter of Lauriger Horatius. Of this Miss Jennie Cary writes, February 22, 1908: "The additional 'My Maryland' was a musical necessity and came to me as a sort of inspiration." It has been stated that Mr. Rozier Dulany, of Baltimore, originally proposed this addition; but Miss Cary affirms that shortly after her sister set the words to music, she met Mr. Dulany, who stopped her to ask if she "had read the new poem." "Not only have I read it, but I have sung it to music," she replied. From her, she says, he got the musical setting and doubtless hurried off at once to the gathering place of "The Monument Street Girls," composed of strong Southern sympathizers, where the Maryland! My Maryland! air was enthusiastically received and sung. It was here suggested to Mr. Dulany to have it published in musical form, but he replied to the effect that Fort McHenry was much too near and the idea of imprisonment was not attractive. Then one of the young girls present exclaimed: "I will have it published; my father is a Union man, and if I am put in prison, he will take me out." She then took Lauriger Horatius in a Yale song-book to her father's house near by; and after copying the music, carried it to the publishing house of Miller & Beacham. She explained her errand and asked that the verses and music be published for her. This was agreed upon, the publishers supplying her with the first copies from the press, besides sending her other Southern songs until they were arrested and put in prison.

It is a remarkable coincidence that this young girl, Miss Rebecca Lloyd Nicholson, should have been the grand-daughter of Judge Joseph Hopper Nicholson and his wife, Rebecca Lloyd, who figured so largely in the adapting of the Star-Spangled Banner to the tune of Anacreon in Heaven and who had it published in musical form. The grand-daughter carried the words and music of Maryland! My Maryland! to the publishers in 1861 as her grand-mother had done with the Star-Spangled Banner nearly fifty years before.*

As Mr. Wagner had not found the vehicle for the final musical expression of My Maryland! in Ma Normandie! so the tune, as it left the hands of the Misses Cary and Miss Nicholson, was not entirely suitable without some change in Lauriger Horatius. It is readily seen that the music of Lauriger Horatius is not precisely that which was first printed in the adaptation of Maryland! My Maryland! nor is it the same now used; so that the story of the musical setting is incomplete without reference to Charles Ellerbrock, a young German music teacher and Southern sympathizer, who at that time was in the employ of Miller & Beacham, and who changed the musical adaptation of My Maryland! from the Yale song to the statelier measure of its original, Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum.

^{*}Miss Nicholson, named Rebecca Lloyd after her grandmother, inherited, through her relationship to Francis Scott Key, the original manuscript of his famous song, which was written on the back of an envelope.

[†]In the form of the musical version of Maryland! My Maryland! as it first appeared Randall's name as author is not

The song that was now ringing, under suppression, in the homes of Baltimore was soon to burst romantically upon the field of the first Confederate triumph. On July 4, 1861, the Misses Cary, with their brother and friends, "ran the blockade" to Orange Court House, Virginia. After their arrival at Orange, and subsequent to the first battle of Manassas, General Beauregard, hearing of their labors on behalf of the Marylanders, invited them to pay a visit to his headquarters near Fairfax Court House, sending a pass and escort. The party encamped in tents prepared for them by a kinsman, Captain Sterrett, who had been in charge of the fortifications at Manassas. On the evening of their reaching the place appointed for them, they were serenaded by the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans, aided by all the fine voices within reach. Captain Sterrett expressed their thanks, asking if there was any service that might be rendered in return. The reply was, "Let us hear a woman's

given, but Charles Ellerbrock's initials appear as having "adapted and arranged" the music. This "C. E." has generally been held to be meaningless in itself, as Miss Nicholson, when asked what name should be used in connection with the publication, had told the publishers, in order to shield the cautious Mr. Dulany, "to take any initials but "R. D." Afterward Mr. Ellerbrock adapted to music several other Southern songs, signing "C. E.," "Charles Ellerbrock," or "Charles W. Ellerbrock." His full name was Charles Wolfgang Amadeus Ellerbrock. He warmly espoused the cause of the Confederacy, and escaping attempted arrest for his Tyrtæan labors in setting to music "seditious songs," he joined the Confederate forces and served throughout the war.

Botton, Jan. 26 1886 Thy dem to, I always fest when Man hought that was a Januine ming send a lefe - Whe shirt in that. lysie, Maryland, my Maryland and may regrated. That That I could not write a " Manachulelle, my Manachesti; That would be at once as musical and as effective on what was for one the Right side in the Remed continuery Believe on Very the Figuer, MoHomes

LETTER FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
(Facsimile of a letter to Mr. Charles Strahan)



voice." So, standing in the tent door under cover of the darkness, Miss Jennie Cary sang Maryland! My Maryland! The refrain was caught up and tossed back from hundreds of "rebel" throats. "As the last note died away," writes Mrs. Martin, "there surged from the gathering throng a wild shout, 'We will break her chains—she shall be free! Three cheers and a tiger for Maryland!" There was not a dry eye in the tent and, we were told the next day, not a cap with a rim on it in camp."* History does not record another such dramatic inception of a war song on the field of battle.†

IV. INCIDENTAL AND ANECDOTAL

No sketch of James Ryder Randall would be complete without reference to his felicity in prose composition while editor or correspondent of newspapers in Georgia. His letters from Washington were illumined by such clearness, force, and aptness of expression as to be widely quoted before lost in journalistic oblivion. If his war poems were written in a war spirit, no less were his political letters written in a spirit of peace

^{*}Songs of the Civil War, The Century, August, 1886.

[†]It has been affirmed and widely quoted that Randall received \$100 for My Maryland! The fact is that an appreciative reader and friend sent him, as author of the poem, some time after its publication, \$100 in Confederate currency, with which he may have been able to purchase a pair of shoes; but he did not solicit or receive direct compensation for any of his poems, a statement which, in all probability, can be recorded of no other modern poet of genius or reputation.

and good feeling. His eulogy of President Garfield after his assassination was reprinted in pamphlet form and distributed in the North by one of those invaders of his "Mother State" whom he had once lashed in battle verse. To some the following words, written to the Augusta *Chronicle* shortly before Garfield's death, would seem to have conveyed an unheeded prophecy. He closes his letter of May 19, 1881, as follows:

Pondering over the startling events of the past few months, and feeling that mammoth surprises were to come, I fell into a sort of day dream. Garfield is said to be much shaken over the vicissitudes and trials of his position, and his poetic temperament has been rudely shaken by the incessant and sometimes masterly attacks made upon him, especially the charge that he is the convenient instrument of Blaine's malice, and that to gratify his Secretary of State he has driven a wedge into the Republican party. The illness of his wife depresses him sorely; the more so as he probably suspects that it is the attack made upon him that is killing her. He is just the kind of man to die under some prodigious calamity. Did it ever occur to you what his death means? It means the Presidency in the hands of Mr. Conkling, for Arthur is only Conkling's projected shadow. In the event of Mr. Garfield's death, what will become of Mr. Blaine? The death of Mr. Garfield, you say, is improbable. Granted. But I trust that there is not in this connection a weird significance in the declaration of Lord Macaulay that "The improbable always happens."

Many of those interested in the heated debates of 1879 will recall the clash between Conkling and Lamar in the United States Senate, which made political history in New York State. Under date of June 19 Randall writes:

The Weather Bureau prophet never knows when a cyclone is at hand and never has had the luck or skill to fling out a storm signal in advance of the wrath to come. It is the same thing here at the Capitol. The man does not live, from Sam Ward to the youngest page, who can forecast trouble, cyclone-like, in Senate or in House. It is true that Senators Vance and Blaine contrived yesterday to illuminate some lively talk on books, but this was not convulsive beyond the ordinary. It is true that this primer palaver touched Voorhees to the quick and gave him the opportunity to make a really eloquent, if somewhat volcanic, speech, in which he poured out the fires of Ætna and the lava of Vesuvius upon Brother Blaine and his fellow radicals. This was exciting and sprightly for the Senate, but not without precedents of frequency. None of these things, superadded to Beck's heavy blows upon Morrill, an old-womanly man who takes punishment with sanctimonious self-sufficiency, petticoated with cant none of these, I say, prepared the most experienced observer for the grand explosion that was to follow between Conkling and Lamar. The New York Senator, politically. is the most offensive of the human race. He is either by nature or acquirement, or both, a bully and a phrasemaker. His manner to Democratic Senators is haughty beyond the power of language to express. It must, in the language of the side-show. "be seen to be appreciated." He has a cold, contemptuous glare of the cruel gray eyes, a gesture that suggests the ringmaster, a wrinkle of the nose that intimates the impertinence of any fellow-creature remaining erect in his imperial presence, the general attitude of a person who fancies himself the Supreme

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Being, and a comprehensive air of pride incarnate inspired by the divinity of hate. His language is the most stately, the most elaborate and the most cynical that flows from mortal lips by improvisation. You may well understand the power of these marvelously developed gifts, when backed by a capacious and well-equipped intellect—an intellect massive and alert, practical and cultivated, expert by long training and morbidly imperative by reason of many successes. When the Democrats were in the minority, he had them somewhat at his mercy, until General Gordon brought him to the ultima ratio of many gentlemen and some Senators. Since that time the New Yorker has been icily polite to the Georgian and reasonably courteous, for him, to every one else in the Senate. Now and then he would wanton on the perilous verge of mortal insult, but would extricate himself by an ingenuity of statement that never failed, while it left a sting behind. to save the epidermis of the assailing gladiator. The fact of a Democratic majority in the Senate has been gall and wormwood to Mr. Conkling, and in his lordly operabouffe manner he evidently resents it as a personal indignity. Brooding over this intolerable grievance, he had accumulated an amount of explosive material that only needed an opportunity to precipitate a disturbance. About half-past one this morning, suddenly, unexpectedly, like magic, the emergent chance was created out of the simplest materials, and the catastrophe, in the fiercest dramatic form, culminated. If a few days ago anybody had predicted that Mr. Lamar would forge the thunderbolt that dissolved in Mr. Conkling's hand and may politically destroy him, such a person would have been laughed at. Mr. Lamar has sat here for many days in quiet retirement, taking no part in the debate. He is as much a master of language as Mr. Conkling, but possesses a trait or

virtue totally lacking in the New Yorker-modesty. He never mouths or rants, or poses for the ladies' gallery. He is serious, learned, eloquent, honest, eccentric sometimes, the soul of honor, intrepidity personified. A man so constituted is plainly the last person for a braggart to attack, in the Senate or out of it. That Mr. Conkling should have exercised his worst form of insult upon Mr. Lamar was the sublimity of madness or audacity. I think Mr. Conkling had a touch of lunacy which, at midnight, he miserably mistook for valor. You have already, on the wings of the lightning, been made acquainted with the main incidents and exact words that, over the Englishspeaking world at least, have "made history" for two extraordinary men. I need not repeat the scene: charge of bad faith; its indignant repulse; the lying brand; the bucket-shop retort through all the gamut of the subjunctive mood-these things I need not reproduce. But it must be recorded that when Lamar, with absolute calm and awful deliberation, said: "I have only to say to the Senator from New York that he understood me correctly. I said precisely the words that he understood me to say. My language was harsh and unparliamentary, and I beg the pardon of the Senate for it; but my language was such as no good man would deserve and no brave man would bear." Mr. Conkling lay like Goliath in the dust, with a great gash upon his brazen front, while over him the Mississippian stood in very majesty.

Another political prophecy of Randall's was made in June, 1880. After eulogizing General Horatio Ewing and discussing the political situation in Ohio, he says enthusiastically:

General Ewing is one of the noblest of mankind. He is deduced from a sturdy Revolutionary stock and has in-

herited the virtues and intellect of his celebrated father. He is one to be loved as well as admired; for he is as gentle as he is brave, as tender as he is upright. . . . What a wonderful State is Ohio! What an array of remarkable men she has in all ranks of life! How conspicuously she shines everywhere! She is indeed the young Giant of the West, and from her confines will probably come the next President of the United States, be he Democrat or Republican.

Randall was right and Garfield was chosen.

A story of the maneuvers behind the scenes of the august Senate should be preserved to history from the correspondence of Mr. Randall. Writing from Washington in May, 1881, he says:

The final scenes of the special session were purely formal. The Senators were anxious to get away, and business was dispatched expeditiously. The only imperturbable person was the venerable Isaac Bassett, who, appointed a page by Daniel Webster 52 years ago, has been in service as doorkeeper for I know not how long. No political changes affect him. Democrats and Republicans come and go; great men rise and vanish; but Mr. Bassett, with his natural forces still unabated, remains at his post, and no one dreams of disturbing him. . . . One of the duties of Mr. Bassett is to manage the Senate clock; not to wind it, but when a final adjournment has been fixed at a certain moment, and it is inexpedient for one reason or another to do so, he takes a long pole and tames the fiery, untamed hour hand. What he does during the recess I know not-probably haunts the deserted chamber and renovates it. But whether Congress be in session or not, the model doorkeeper preserves his equanimity. Mr. Webster co-operated with Providence when he introduced Isaac Bassett into public life.

Randall's tributes to the character and genius of his fellow poets were sublimely beautiful without extravagance or forced expression. From the numbers of letters received by the Augusta *Chronicle* on the subject of Randall's contributions one may here be quoted:

Yesterday by accident a copy of your paper fell into my hands. It contained two notable things, which I take to be from the same hand: One a poem, Resurgam; the other what may well be called a prose poem on the death of Father Ryan. . . . Either one or the other is enough to entitle the author to fame. It seems a pity that the man who has the great gifts which are evidenced in these two productions should be doomed to the cart-horse work of rough-and-tumble journalism. Surely there is no higher gift than that which enables a man to move the deepest chords within us by the exaltation of his thought and the high harmony in which it is given expression. Such a man deserves praise, deserves to have public approval, and such approval I am anxious to contribute to by thus calling attention to my own honest estimate of these beautiful productions.—Theodore C. Cone, Washington, May 15, 1886.

It should be recorded of Randall that it was his pen that first effectively pleaded the cause of an American memorial to Edgar Allan Poe. He had, as the Washington correspondent of the Augusta *Chronicle*, when on a visit to his mother in Baltimore, "made a pilgrimage" to the poet's then neglected grave in the

Westminster churchyard. Immediately afterward he wrote a letter to the Augusta paper on the subject. It was clipped out by a friend and sent to Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. The appeal resulted in the raising of the necessary funds and the erection of the monument in Baltimore.

One curious incident in the journalistic career of this Southern poet-dreamer, whose adventures at times remind us of those of Goldsmith, should be recorded. Preserved in the scrap-book of Mrs. Randall are a number of editorial notices of her husband's removal to Alabama. The poet was attracted thither in the middle eighties by "the most flattering and alluring overtures to become interested in and the editor of a new daily paper in Anniston, Alabama, one of the new industrial centers of that empire-commonwealth of riches." This quotation from the Philadelphia Times is taken at random; but we note with a feeling of respect and admiration that no Northern contemporary mentioned, in connection with the fact, the name of the journal he undertook to edit. To write it then in relation with the author of Maryland! My Maryland! would have excited wondrous ridicule. It was the Anniston Hor BLAST! To quote from the Macon Telegraph:

For Randall to be at the head of a journal devoted to such hard facts as pig-iron looks to us like putting Saladin to carving gate-pegs with a scimitar. But we are on the verge of an era of national success, and when we have made money we shall turn to the softer side of life.

This last sentence offers explanation for the remarkable removal; so let us draw the curtain down upon

the subsequent disillusionment of Randall's promised El Dorado. The pig-iron was successful, materially—to others; but we may imagine a true poet writing daily encomiums, editorials, or advertisements dedicated to the promotion of blasting and freight cars!

Not many years after the writing of Maryland! My Maryland! Mrs. Randall named a little daughter "Maryland" after the poet's native State, saying: "Should the poem die and our daughter live, or the daughter die and the poem live, in either case you will have My Maryland." But My Maryland! was destined to live not alone in Dixie or Maryland, but in the North and throughout the world as well.

Among other anecdotes mentioned by Mr. J. C. Derby in his Fifty Years Among Authors, Books and Publishers is that told by Mr. John R. Thompson, long connected with The Southern Literary Messenger, who was in London when the poem was first published. On his return he said to Mr. Randall that he "envied him beyond all living men because he had met in a drawingroom in London one of the most charming and beautiful of women who had asked him if he would like to hear a song of his Southern country. Upon his replying in the affirmative, she went to the piano and struck up My Maryland! When she had finished she returned to where he was sitting and said, 'When you see your friend who wrote that tell him that you heard it sung by a Russian girl who lives at Archangel, north of Siberia, and learned to sing it there."

The following letter from Boston May 28, 1878, tells of the strong hold Maryland! My Maryland! gained upon the generous-hearted of opposite sympathies only some ten years after the war. This letter is printed in full as one of many hundreds expressing genuine feeling from writers of either section and every State:

150 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, Boston, May 28th.

Mr. James R. Randall,

Dear Sir: Don't consider me an intruder, or regard me as a great annoyance, but I do want to ask you where I can get the words to the beautiful Maryland! My Maryland!

I have made Florida my home for the past ten years, and am now living in Boston to educate my sons; so I feel that I am almost a Southerner, quite one, so far as love for the South is concerned. The first winter I spent there I learned from a lovely Southern lady the words, as nearly as she could remember them, but I have never felt satisfied that I had them right. I have sung the song a hundred times, always electrifying any Southerner who was present, and even the coldest-hearted Northerner has never failed to acknowledge the grandeur and soul-stirring effect of the words—the words, be it understood, for I am not a great singer, but my friends think I put my soul into that song, and I do certainly love to sing it. Did I not fear to worry you I could tell you how I have sung it in a Tacksonville hotel, in a crowded parlor, until every one in the room was on his feet and ladies crowded around me exclaiming with their eyes all aflame with patriotic fire: "If I could have heard that song once a year since the surrender, I should never have been reconstructed," etc., etc. I could tell you of a dinner party

right here in conservative Boston at the residence of a wealthy gentleman, the portrait of whose only son with his cap and sword under it hung on the wall in full view as I sat at the piano after dinner.

Now, the gentleman who took me in to dinner was presented to me as being from California, but at the table in conversation I spoke of the son of the house killed during the war, remarking the desolation it brought to so many homes. Then, speaking of the hardships of the soldiers, asked if he was in the army. He said: "Oh, yes, I went with a New Orleans regiment." No one else heard the remark or imagined him to have been a Southerner, but I planned then to sing "Maryland" to stir him up. So now, in response to "just one more," I commenced:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore."

The effect was magical. My escort, who was seated near me, but out of sight, I could hear catching his breath, and when I sang "For life or death, for woe or weal, thy peerless chivalry reveal," he sprang to his feet and almost unconsciously approached me, where he stood trembling with the rush of memories and the flood of emotions almost forgotten! He said he had not heard it since the surrender, and the last time he marched with his regiment they sang it going to the battle which resulted so disastrously for them.

My host, scarcely less affected than his guest (for he had never heard it), right in the sight of the son who had died on the other side, said: "I never heard anything to compare with that. It is even more grand than the Marsellaise. Why was there never a national song to equal that?" Their wonder at the excitement of the stranger was answered when they learned that he was

from the South, and they "did not wonder that the South held out so long, if they had that kind of music to live on." . . . I should like to tell you of many other incidents that have occurred in connection with my singing the song, but refrain from fear of wearying you. . . .

Yours gratefully,

HARRIETTE E. BENEDICT.

Randall on one or two occasions was nominated for political office, but he failed of election. He did not know the meaning of "policy" and its devious workings, or he might have succeeded. He was absolutely innocent of all idea of self-advertising. Reference has been made above to the handsome volume of Southern poems published in Philadelphia as late as 1904 with Maryland! My Maryland! credited to Lamar Fontaine. There are many other amusing instances of the blissful ignorance of writers and editors concerning the authorship of Randall's scattered or randomgiven verses as well as his political, philosophic, and religious essays. This lack of knowledge embraced the life of Randall as an author, when recognized as such. A prominent New England newspaper published concerning him when in New Orleans:

The Mr. Randall, who is clerk for the Kellogg investigating committee, is not the author of My Maryland, as reported. That gentleman has been dead fifteen years.

Upon reading this, Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, a poet known throughout the South as "Pearl Rivers," sent the "obituary notice" to Mr. Randall, who replied:

This announcement may surprise many persons in Augusta and several other places. During the past fifteen

years I have done quite a number of things to substantiate my vitality, at least. In your cemetery I once stumbled upon the grave of James Randall, but it never occurred to me that he had been my double in nature as well as name. Possibly I walk the earth as specter of what I was or should have been. It may be the editor meant to imply that the poet had died in me fifteen years ago, and that, with the "Lost Cause," the singer is no more. A gentleman in Washington satirically suggests that the New Haven man had a friendly desire to disentangle my name from all connection with the Louisiana investigations. My own impression is that the Connecticut editor was in earnest, and that I must henceforth, in a minor degree, take a funeral place alongside Alexander H. Stephens, Charles O'Connor, and Muktar Pasha. The company is at least distinguished, and that is some consolation for a lively corpse.

Randall was not a good elocutionist. He had an immense fund of ready information on a great variety of subjects. He could tell anecdotes of interest about a great number of prominent men and women whom he had met in his career, but he never in reading his own compositions did justice to them. A close personal friend, Major Ganahl, once said to him after he had read Maryland! My Maryland! in a way to hurt the Major's artistic feelings: "Now, look here, Randall, that may be your child and not mine, but I can't stand having it murdered in my hearing." Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve, who heard both Randall and Poe read their poems, has said that neither could read his own verse with the best expression.

Mr. J. C. Derby thus tells of his first meeting with Mr. Randall:

During a temporary sojourn in Augusta, Georgia, in 1870-71, while representing the house of D. Appleton & Co., I was conversing one day with one of my friends, a well-known cotton factor of that city, and observing a gentleman haranguing bystanders on one of the ample sidewalks, I said to my friend: "That must be one of the 'carpet-bag' politicians who have come from the North to 'reconstruct' you 'rebels'!" At that time the "carpet-bag government" was in full sway, "reconstruction" not having become an assured fact. My friend laughed heartily, as did I when he said: "Why, that is James R. Randall, the author of My Maryland, which did such good Confederate service; he was a rebel, but he needs no reconstruction." I was soon after introduced to the poet-journalist, and from that time have enjoyed the friendship of one of the most brilliant writers of the South.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to President Gilman when prevented from attending the dedication of Sidney Lanier's bust at Johns Hopkins University that he was "the more anxious to come because Baltimore had produced the three best things of their kind: The Raven, The Star-Spangled Banner and My Maryland!" With regard to Dr. Holmes and Maryland! My Maryland! in particular, Mr. Douglas Stader, the noted English littérateur, in requesting the privilege of publishing selections of Randall's poems, wrote:

It may gratify you to hear that Dr. Holmes told me in Boston that he thought your great poem the greatest of all poems produced by the War. As one of the Holmes letters concerning Randall's famous poem was preserved among the latter's papers, the editor publishes it the more gladly, as in the fierceness of civil conflict, Holmes, in adding an original stanza to the *Star-Spangled Banner*, had included Randall among the "traitors" who dared against liberty to "defile the flag of her stars and the page of her story." The letter, dated Boston, January 26, 1886, and addressed to Charles Strahan, Esq., is as follows:

My Dear Sir, I always felt rather than thought there was a genuine ring and a lifelike spirit in that lyric, "Maryland, My Maryland," and only regretted that I could not write a "Massachusetts, My Massachusetts" that would be at once as musical and as effective on what was for me the right side of the armed controversy. Believe me

Very truly yours,
O. W. Holmes.

Although Randall was many times urgently invited to visit and live in the North, and on one occasion to deliver lectures on "The Poetry of the War," he could never bring himself to leave his native section. He believed that the South needed every one of her sons. He held that, "If Robert E. Lee, the greatest of American warriors, could refuse riches and ease in the North barely to maintain a living at Washington College; and if Matthew F. Maury, the leading American scientist, could refuse wealth and the highest honors of the Old World to stand by the side of Lee at the Virginia Military Institute, then he, as the least of American poets, could afford to follow their example." But if Lee took

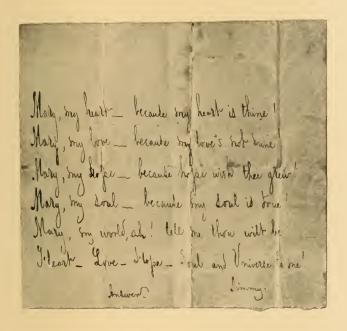
the blame of defeat on himself or if Maury disclaimed his renown in science, the voice of history must pronounce the final verdict. So, in the world of letters, Randall will certainly not be allowed to record himself as the least of our lyricists, but will be given a place among our sweeter poets of peace and that of laureate in the War between the Sections.

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

Baltimore, January 15, 1910.

I. Farlier Foems





MARY, MY HEART

Facsimile of the bit of paper on which Randall, at sixteen, wrote the poem.

The verses were inspired by a passion that was none the less true
and real for being the earliest love of the youthful lyricist.



The Loems of Lames Byder Bandall

MARY, MY HEART

Mary, my heart—because my heart is thine!
Mary, my love—because my love's not mine!
Mary, my hope—because hope with thee grew!
Mary, my soul—because my soul is true!
Mary, my world—Ah! tell me thou wilt be
Heart, Love, Hope, Soul, and Universe to me!

TO MARY

THERE'S something so supremely strange, That o'er my spirit's widest range Its fragrant incense swiftly flings-Depicting love—without the wings: There's something in this heaving breast, Which I have ling'ring, long confessed, Which bids me now with trembling awe Turn from deep search of ancient lore, To Beauty's shrine—to Mercy's seat— With votive prayers the goddess greet; With burning vows of boundless love, Perchance her heart I yet may move— Perchance that eye of dancing glee May answer mine-light but for me! Oh! how that fairy form could fire My young, my sighing, darling lyre! If drear misfortune ere should chill. What hand could soothe with fonder thrill? Thy tones could raise my drooping mind With accents sweeter than the wind To string my harp with glowing zeal-To force man's rocky breast to feel The poet's strain—his quenchless flame— His high estate—his deathless name.

Ah! none this saving power can wield
Save thou; and wilt thou scornful yield
My boyish dream to useless clay
And darken childhood's bounding day?
Away the thought! forever fly!
My blasted heart would grieving die,
If she on whom its every beam
Falls in one endless, brilliant stream,
Should close her soul 'gainst suppliant light,
And every soaring fancy blight—
It cannot be! It cannot be!
I'll harbor no such thought of thee—
But ever, ever shalt thou reign,
Dear Empress of my heart and brain!

AN ACROSTIC

Might I but speak what yearns my soul to say
A nd might I tell where my heart is given,
R emembrance would my darling thus portray—
Y oung, spotless—with a star-eyed face, like Heaven!

G lorious is she who thus is ever near me
I n all my dreams, by day or in the night;
R epeat my vow, ye winged winds that hear me—
V ainly shall others flit before my sight,
I mpotent they, who flatter to endear me—
N o siren tempts me from my Mollie bright!

IMPROMPTU

THE moon is up, and o'er you trembling tide,
About to woo the sea-god in his caves,
She pours the brilliant splendors of a bride
As to the nuptials trip the glittering waves:
Upon the shore their murmuring music laves;
Upon each head gems forth a silver light,
The gloomy island one kiss from her craves
As spread her glories 'fore the dazzled sight—
Hail! beauteous Dian, hail! thou peerless Queen of
Night!

TO THE OLD COLLEGE BELL

DIED, at Georgetown College, aged 85, a well-beloved chime.

Disease, a complication of old age and too
many hard knocks.

DRAG the old monitor down,
Down with a sob and a knell;
Who throughout College and town
Compassed his duties so well?
Weave, O my Muse! an evergreen crown
To honor the bonny old bell!

The morn, the noon, and the night,
The night, the noon, and the morn,
When Nature was brilliant and bright
When Nature was naked and shorn,
It pealed the departure of life-giving light
Or told that Aurora was born.

In winter and summer and fall,
In fall and winter and spring,
When zephyrs breathed languor to all,
When tempests around it would sing;
Before or beyond the gleam of old Sol
This Memnon of duty would ring.

Fourscore snows and five,
Rain and dust and sleet
Have found the brave watcher alive
And never deserting his beat;
In some of its music religion could thrive—
When it swung out the "Angelus" sweet.

No more shall its ominous tone
Rouse us from slumber and bed;
No more shall it solemnly moan
Its requiem toll for the dead;
Its last trump for dinner forever was blown
When the soul of its melody fled.

Drag the old monitor down,
Down with a sob and a knell;
Who throughout College or town
Compassed his duties so well?
Weave, O my Muse! an evergreen crown
To honor the bonny old bell!

FLOURINE

L ITTLE Flourine, with golden hair,
And rose-red cheeks and features fair,
You shall be the New Year's Queen,
Little Flourine!

Pretty Flourine, with the bright blue eyes, Whose tints are caught from the azure skies; Airy, fairy, with heavenly mien, Pretty Flourine!

Dainty Flourine, with your dazzling grace, And the beautiful wonders of your face; May you have nothing but roses to glean, Dainty Flourine!

Darling Flourine, may Time bring to you
Days full of music and skies full of blue—
Bliss that the saints and the angels have seen,
Darling Flourine!

GEHENNA'

"But where shall I find rest? Alas!
Soon as the winter winds shall rave
At midnight, through the long dark grass,
Above mine unremembered grave."

-MANGAN

WHEN locked in marble Death's embrace,
When hushed and tideless sleeps my face,
And vanquished every living grace,
You'll love me then—
Ah, only then!

The shrouded limbs, the sobbing bell,
The wreath of yew and asphodel,
Will wring the tears you cannot quell—
Unhappy fate!
Too late—too late.

Too late, oh lost and worshiped one!
Too late, when life is darkly done!
Too late—too late beneath the sun—
And shall it be
Eternity?

Do souls wild-wand'ring on the shore-The spectral land of "Nevermore"-Come back to those they loved of vore. Although in vain-Although in pain?

Will any wave that swims the sea. Will any cloud that climbs the lee, Bring me to you, or you to me-Me to you Or you to me?

Though I should stalk the globe amain, In the rude throbbings of the rain, I'd roam through Paradise again, In frenzied quest Of rest-of rest!

And if you saw how blasted years Had hewn my cheek for caverned tears. Would you repel me from the spheres, Or clasp me fast,

At last-at last?

THE GRAND DUKE

YOU gave me flowers in the crimson eves, Down by the garden gate, Where, on his throne of glad geranium leaves, The Grand Duke sat in state.

You pitied him—the Grand Duke—and you sent A rare and budding bride,
A lithe and fragrant Duchess, dew-besprent,
Snow-bosomed and blue-eyed.

Anon, the Grand Duke frowned and stood apart—
The cold and bashful churl!
Until you bound them, darling, heart to heart,
With one enamored curl.

Ah me! I have the plaintive bouquet here, With all its luster fled; The lissome bride on her geranium bier, And the dear Grand Duke—dead.

And many sad and somber thoughts arise
Within me and without;
Specters of flowerets pictured on mine eyes,
Robed in a shroud of doubt.

Here, in the hot June midnight, grave and lone,
By the dull candle's flare,
I weave unutterable words, and moan
Over a woman's hair.

"Only a woman's hair!" and still I sob
O'er memory with her pearls,
Crushing my brows with anguish till they throb—
Writhing my soul with curls.

No—no! I must not ponder things like these;
Be mine a breast of mail—
Though but a Nautilus of frenzied seas,
Swift—solitary—frail.

The world will know you not, my song, for you Speak but to one, and say Something I dare not, to an eye of blue, When I am far away.

THE COBRA CAPELLO

The cobra, though exceedingly venomous, has an aspect of centleness and docility.—*Encyclopedia*.

BEAUTIFUL—yes! for her basilisk eyes
Gleam out when the features are luscious and
mellow;

Beautiful—yes! but adown the disguise,

I detect just a tinge of the Cobra Capello.

And I think Mother Eve looked exactly like this
When she played such a prank on uxorious Adam;
I've a chronic dislike to a serpentine kiss,
And never eat apples in any style, Madam.

Beautiful—yes! as she paddles her fan
'Mid the bordered lagoons of her robe of white
muslin;

And the tight little boot taps a quick rataplan, In a way most piratical, not to say puzzling.

She prates of Tom Noddy, the handsome young goose, Of Don Trombonetti, divine on the flute; And then, with a smile that's as arch as—the deuce,

Quotes pert panegyrics on somebody's foot!

She'll sing you a hymn or tell you a fib
(Just one of those cynical, feathery trifles)'
And then, with a smirk that I think rather glib,
Sigh after some monster that left with the Rifles.

She vows I'm a miracle walking with men—
(Ugh! I swallow it all with a groan and a cough),
For I know that most women are comical, when
Their nightcaps are on and the visitors off!

Ay, rattle ahead and prattle away,
But, in sepulchered thought, I brood over another;
We parted, alas! about nine months to-day,
And we never must meet again—somehow or other.

They tell me, poor bird, it is painful to see

How you've changed, since we rode in the warm
summer weather;

And oh, if I felt you were pining for me,
I'd hew me a path that would bring us together.

In your solitude still, do you sing the old songs?

Oh, the "Long Weary Day!" shall it cease for us never?

But here, in the ruck of the sumptuous throngs, Your name in my lone heart is sacred forever!

Ah me! I am chill, for 'tis fearful to sit

By the Cobra, when languished with tenderer matters—

Ha! I see that my secret is guessed—every bit— For she's nibbling her lip, and the fan is in tatters. Beautiful—yes! but I shall not succumb, Though wifeless from Beersheba even to Dan; Heigho! if my heart were but under her thumb, She'd crumple it, too, like the innocent fan!

JAMAIS

E ARLY love is swift and golden,
Fond and foolish, too, perchance,
But 'tis haloed by the olden,
Golden moonlight of romance.
Once its ripe aurelian bound me,
Brimful with the birds of May—
By the ruins that surround me,
In shall bind no more—Jamais!

Once I felt the blue above thee,
Peri-peopled by thine art;
But 'twas death in life to love thee,
Woman of the diamond heart!
Thou hast sown the sky with ashes,
Made its constellations gray,
While the wind-gust knells and gnashes
Dirge-like to the night—"Jamais!"

Though with purpose unbenighted,
Though with intellect unshorn,
Still my spirit, maimed and blighted,
Bleeds beyond its battle morn.
Herbless deserts, demon-haunted,
Mark the fury of the fray,
But that spirit, still undaunted,
Bends to thee—Jamais! Jamais!

CLAY

MMORTAL Mind! thy burning torch
A deathless halo flings
Around the Prophets crucified,
And Sybaritic Kings;
We chant, to-day, a pæan song
To thy divinest flashes—
To our imperishable one,
The Mill Boy of the Slashes!

The fervid breast of Nature poured
Its deluge to his sips,
The bee-winged breezes charmed anew
Hymettus to his lips,
Till, like a cleaving peak, his thoughts
To sunward regions ran,
And God beheld beneath His throne
A mountain-hearted man.

His lispings fell like vesper dews
Upon the alien leaves,
Waking their inspirations through
The palpitating sheaves;
Then from those clarion "wood-notes wild"
Anointed dreams upsprung,
Wedding the lightning of the brain
To the thunder of the tongue!

We—we have seen him in the pride
Of his colossal youth,
We—we have heard his vestal vows
To the Eternal Truth;
We—we have felt our spirits quail,
Our very beings bow,
When the supernal tempests shook
That monumental brow!

And never yet, since morning stars
Sang over Galilee,
Have nations seen the peer of this
Apostle of the free!
His was the avalanche of wrath
That smites the despot down,
'And girds the brows of Justice with
An undisheveled crown.

His trumpet-tones re-echoed like
Evangels to the free,
Where Chimborazo views a world
Mosaic'd in the sea;
And his proud form shall stand erect
In that triumphal car
Which bears to the Valhalla gates
Heroic Bolivar!

He spoke for Greece, and freedom flew Along her sacred rills, Waking the mighty souls that slept On Marathonian hills; While bold Bozzaris launched his flag Upon the gulf of night, And hurled a living thunderbolt Against the Ottomite!

The pillars of the Union quaked
Before discordant shocks,
When Heaven had sent its liberal snows
Upon his honored locks;
Though all the angels beckoned him,
His conquering arm uprose,
And wrenched his country's flag away
From its rebellious foes.

Then with perennial laurel wreaths
The matchless mind had wrought,
His ladened bark went drifting on
To find the "Kings of Thought";
And though the stately vessel long
Hath left its earthly strand,
The helmsman's voice re-echoes back
From out the Phantom Land.

Live, Patriot, live! while oceans chafe
Their adamantine bars—
While mailed Orion flames his plume
'Mid bright-battalioned stars;
Live, Patriot, live! while glory thrills
The heart-strings of the free,
'And Mississippi pours its grand
Libations to the sea!

ODE TO PROFESSOR DIMITRY

EHOLD the man! What matchless godlike grace Is blazoned round his great, expressive face! The voice so full, so tremulously grand Speaks from his heart the woes of that brave land. Which fallen now, once reigned the titled Oueen Of Mind, of Soul-all-seeing and all-seen! Nurse of the Gods! fair freedom's blest abode! The poet's pride! whence Homer's song has flowed, Rolling with ocean-flow from age to age— The first—the last—the best on History's page! Foremost in Art, in Science, and in Strife, In columned grandeur and in marbled life, Bend, bend before Hellenic tow'ring might Ye gifted vot'ries of the pure and bright! All this and more thrills forth—how silent all! The burning echo riots round the hall; In every breast responsive echoes breathe, The ravished senses twine a deathless wreath For those who fought for Freedom, scorning shame, Then yielding life, bequeathed themselves to fame! Thus, not in vain, he courts the willing ear-Calls on the dead, and living forms appear; Both gods and men in awful grandeur move-The "Blind old Bard"—the "Cloud-compelling Jove"! He bids them tell of days when Greece was free, When Athens ruled triumphant o'er the sea, Athens the peerless—prescient—the blind— Athens the mutable—the undefined! The fount of Eloquence! whose spring inspired Her godlike son, and with his breath expired; Which in one warning yet majestic cry Made Philip quail and cowards gladly die! When Sparta stalked the Lioness of the shore With iron nerves—brute heart—what, nothing more? Ay! ay! a single boon kind Nature gave, Alone, to drag her from Oblivion's grave; One hoary rock, the Keystone of the plain-A shivered altar but a hallowed fane: For heroes' blood has stained the sacred stone, Dread august sacrifice! this—this alone Redeems the land with a renewing birth, Its faults forgotten in that faultless worth! Shades of the brave! your blood's not vainly shed-O stern baptism on a country's head! Yet did that blood quench Persia's fiery pride And seal the spot where heroes fell-not died, Leaving their deeds an heirloom to the free-Unmoldering Record! stern Thermopylæ! Now turn again—exulting to the skies A temple flits before the captive eyes, Unrivaled, chaste e'en as the new-born day, In perfect form it looms along the way— Unrivaled whole—unrivaled in decay! Behold the Parthenon—the miracle—the fair! Look once again—'tis not—ay yes, 'tis there,

A pilfered wreck, a desecrated shrine, Though plundered oft, polluted, yet divine— Thy mind ascends from a dismembered whole, How glorious yet, thou Mecca of the Soul!

MARATHON

CTERN Marathon! the mountains view thee yet; Thy monarch plain with dew eternal's wet! Each blade of grass that feathers from thy green Bears the bright impress of a hallowed mien. The bristling rocks, with climbing vines caressed, Shoot to the sky their cloud-defiant crest: Cradle the King-bird in his eyrie home, When down he darts from heaven's starry dome; Stand the bold sentries of the holy vast; Hurl from their thrones the thunder-throated blast; Sigh o'er the graves of valorous renown; Then lordly smile while gazing grandly down. Tomb of the Brave! thy echo sways the breeze, Before thy name all mimic grandeur flees, Before thy fame the world is thrilled with awe, Time has no tooth—Oblivion rends its maw! Those martyr forms whom ages cannot quell Haunt the gray sod whereon they grappling fell. Call from the dust the Persian's fiery host, And lo! what tumult stirs each gibbering ghost! Thus when the lurid bolt is whirled along, These phantom heroes ring their battle song: When the hoarse thunder bellows from the sky, And dusky pinions storm the cliffs on high;

When the big rain comes rattling from the clouds
Starting the dead in myriads from their shrouds—
Amid the clangor of their dread refrain
These grim old foes are mingled once again:
The dark Platean in the tide of war,
The comely Median in his battered car,
The bright Athenian dealing death and fear,
The Persian tottering on his shivered spear—
The cloven helmet and the ghastly blow,
The crimson scimitar, the stringless bow—
They smite their shields, they form, prepare, advance:
Sword splinters sword, lance crashes against lance—
Away! the golden lamp swings forth once more
And all is mute upon that dreamy shore!

The living hills are marble for the dead,
Their burial ground is where they fought and bled,
Their epitaph is centered in a breath—
"The dying freeman yields not quite to death!"
Their deeds are chanted by the choral surge,
That holiest harper of undying dirge!
Each frolic wave that pillows on the plain
Murmurs a praise surpassing mortal strain
For those who perished there—but not in vain!

II. **Z**oems of Love and Sentiment



THE ORIEL WINDOW

PRAY in the country church, alas!
With missal and mind contrary;
And in spite of the hymn and the blessed Mass,
In spite of my Ave Mary,
My fancies are drowned in the faces around,—
In spite of my Ave Mary!

The bluffs, the breeze, the bulwark trees
Are grand and glad and holy yet;
The river as proudly seeks the seas
As it did in the days of Joliet—
Its wave-lips stirr'd with the babble of a bird,
As a psalm and a psalter for Joliet.

And then, uprolled from the rafter-mold,
Come the dear ones, the departed—
The fair and old 'neath the marigold,
The bold and the broken-hearted—
Till I shudder to think how we rabble on the brink
Of the early broken-hearted.

In mystic trance of my old Romance,

I let all my sorrow and sin go;
Forgetting the graves as they glance and dance
Down—down through the ghastly window—
With column and cross and banners of mess,
Down—down through the Oriel Window.

A purple band from the Phantom Land,
Come the idol-gods I cherished,
And lo! they stand by a throne of sand,
With palsied brows and perished—
And scoop from the shore of the sea no more
The shells of the Past and Perished.

But from those shells ring passion bells,
Till my soul from its sacred duty
Is ravished along with an earthly song,
But a song of love and beauty;
Till aglow is the air with lustrous hair
And dark-eyed songs of beauty.

She kneels 'neath the spire by the dusty choir,
With aspect lost and lornful;
And my heart is smitten with spears of fire
To see her looking so mournful—
Ah, 'tis not meet that one so sweet
Should ever be moody and mournful.

She tells, I wist, the beads on her wrist,
With a gentle, lyrical motion;
And she seems in a mist when the Eucharist
Is soared for the people's devotion;
While a glittering crown for the head bowed down
Is the meed of her dear devotion.

Have you come in the guise of Paradise
Our heart-troth to dissever?
In tears for the lonesome, bitter years,
Would you woo me back forever?
Oh, speak, love, speak what your sad eyes seek,
And win me back forever!

Both overthrown, we both have known
How the chains of mortality clank ill—
But to-night, to-night a vow we'll plight,
To make our wild hearts tranquil;
While the flambeaux shine over thine and mine
Untroubled, untortured, and tranquil.

The quick retreat of the pattering feet
Shakes the bloom from my dream-mimosa,
I rush to the nook in the choir to greet—
The Mater Dolorosa!
Naught, naught was there but a sculptured prayer
Of the Mater Dolorosa.

No more in a trance of my old Romance
Shall I let all my sorrow and sin go;
But I'll join the graves as they glance and dance
Down—down through the ghastly window,
With column and cross, and banners of moss
Down—down through the Oriel Window!

THE DAMSEL OF MOBILE

MET thee in the summer time,
The summer of my youth—
In days of my melodious prime
And thine unsullied truth.
I met thee when the jasmine buds
Their velvet locks reveal;
Till I loved thee, till I loved thee,
Darling Damsel of Mobile!

O shining tresses of the sun!
O eyes of ocean blue!
O dainty feet to nimbly run
Upon the glittering dew!
The cypress breathes its gloomy buds
On all I felt and feel—
Still I love thee! Still I love thee!
Darling Damsel of Mobile!

And now the summer time no more,
The vikings of the rain
Thunder their turf-steeds on the shore
And prowl the jasmine plain;
The night shade blackens on my brow,
The lightnings gash like steel—
But a summer heart still throbs for thee,
Darling Damsel of Mobile!

HA! HA!

WHEN summer suns are glancing
On the merry damsels dancing
'Neath the pendulous aroma of the beauty-blushing
vine;

When summer birds are cooing, In a pantomimic wooing,

'Mid the azure-dimpled ether, which the poet calls divine:

I win a frolic girl,
From the rustle and the whirl,
And I say she is a seraph and I swear she is a pearl—
Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha!

Who is gentler, who is fairer, ha! ha! who is sweeter; Who is brighter, ha! ha! who is wittier and neater, Than the queen of my spirit—its glorified defeater—Ha! Ha! Ha! Malgherita! Malgherita!

Ha! gaily we are flying,
With laughter, love, and sighing,
O'er the valley of Berilla, in its livery of green!
Ha! madly we are dashing
By the torrent thunder-flashing,
'And beyond the echo-flutter of the flute and violin:

Little fairy, little fay,
From the torrent keep away,
Or thy roses and thy ribbons will be waltzing in the

spray,

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Who is gentler, who is fairer—ha! ha! who is sweeter; Who is brighter, ha! ha! who is wittier and neater, Than the queen of my spirit—its glorified defeater— Ha! Ha! Ha! Malgherita! Malgherita!

In the twinkle of a minute,
She wildly pours within it
The glory of her tresses like a vivid golden veil;
In a second of derision,
She forgetteth her precision,
'And is captured by the current as it dashes to the dale:

I shoot beneath the flood All the lightning of my blood—

I reach her and I save her and I bear her to the wood.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Who is gentler, who is fairer—ha! ha! who is sweeter; Who is brighter, ha! ha! who is wittier and neater, Than the queen of my spirit—its glorified defeater—Ha! Ha! Ha! Malgherita! Malgherita!

You may fancy that the fountain, Baffled billow of the mountain, Is singing you this secret as it crashes grandly down:
"What beatitude completer,

He is wed to Malgherita,

And they emulate the angels 'neath the summer's burning crown!"

We are wed! we are wed! As Khuleborn hath said.

And we envy not the annals of the living or the dead.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Who is gentler, who is fairer—ha! ha! who is sweeter; Who is brighter, ha! ha! who is wittier and neater, Than the queen of my spirit—its glorified defeater— Ha! Ha! Malgherita! Malgherita!

MA BELLE CRÉOLE

OULD tongue define
In warbling line
The music of this heart of mine,
'Twould sing, to-day,
A roundelay
For thee, ma belle Créole Althée!

But words are weak,
When words would speak
The ripeness of thy satin cheek,
Or pearl that tips
With dewy sips
The arches of those blushing lips.

The floods of lace
That flirt and race
In eddying ripples round thy face,
Have framed, I ween,
In magic mien,
The daintiest image ever seen.

Ah, sweet Althée!
Around thee play
The plumed and crystal tribes of May;

And in those eyes
Float, flash, and rise
Gay atmosphere of orient guise.

The eyes—the eyes!
The planet eyes
Fresh from their dreams of Paradise!
My spirit sees,
But never flees
Their sorcery of sorceries.

Truth, Grace, and Love
From worlds above—
Hints of the Pure and Holy Dove—
Divinely bright,
These gems of sight
'Are throned upon their globes of light.

Thus heaven-beguiled,
Beloved child,
Have all the cherubs on thee smiled;
Let joys depart,
Still, Sweet, thou art
Voiced in the Virgin's sacred heart.

Madonna! fold
Her heart of gold
In thy dear arms, when it is cold;
Madonna! sing
This bird of spring
To sleep beneath thy velvet wing!

PALMISTRY

YOU gave me a geranium leaf—
A little thing, but full of meaning;
When inclination's half belief,
The token made it worth the gleaning.
Last night your hand was clasped in mine,
'Twas but the pressure of a minute,
And yet, by some mysterious sign,
A red rose blushed to birth within it!

Oh! rather pluck for me, fair child,
A branch of cypress or of willow;
My days are bleak, my thoughts are wild,
I am but sea-weed on the billow.
For me nor love, nor home, nor wife
Can ever be a curse or blessing—
The envious riddle of my life
Would puzzle half your days in guessing.

A week—a month—perchance a year,
You might remember how you met me,
And then, with neither smile nor tear,
'Twill be so easy to forget me.
With you the world is frolic May,
With me, 'tis many a month of weeping—
And you'll be dancing, Elsie Gay,
When I am in the valley sleeping.

TO THE QUEEN OF THE WAX DOLLS

TWAS in the old church yard I told you all, Beneath the Norway pine; There, by your mother's grave, I thought to call That poor lost mother mine.

I saw you bend above an orphan child To kiss its winsome face; This woman, quoth I, is all undefiled, A miracle of grace.

The world could never guess your riddle quite,
Nor shake your soft repose;
The same meek orbs that shone upon the night,
Were stars when morning rose.

O hypocrite! your cool, Antarctic sighs
Make memory an eclipse;
I feel the serpent from those poisoned eyes
Browsing upon my lips.

You changed. You stumbled from the better path;
You robed your vows on biers;
And now my lexicon of love and wrath
Is syllabled with tears.

You changed! Your eyes are purple-lidded beads, Your hair a coil of flax, And the cold splendor of your shape recedes Into a mold of wax!

O wormwood! that a thing of wax and wire Could make me love it so; I, with a Hecla-heart and nerve of fire, Gasping amid that snow.

And now, repenting, you would be my wife, Would pawn your troth to me—
Poor Doll! beyond the icebergs of your life
There throbs no open sea!

I sought it once, and lo! my former self
Is shipwrecked in the quest.
See the impassioned Franklin, with his pelf,
Dead on your gelid breast.

You scream—'tis but a delicate doll's cry—
A trick, as all perceive it;
They say you're stuffed with sawdust—though a lie,
A skeptic might believe it!

STONE APPLES

MID the shimmer of lamps and the redowa's dash, Where the trumpet the thick-tongued song salutes—

'Mid the flutter of gauze and the diamond's flash,
'Mid the masquerade of flutes!

The boreal wind outside was keen,
And the heavens had frosty eyes that night;
Within was the realm of a tropic queen,
Auroral with delight.

Amiddle the foam of the frescoed ships
On the pictured walls were the genii grim;
And the languid lotus, with chaliced lips,
Was nectared to the brim.

Here bevies of blondes with hyacinth hair, Flirt their silver arms 'mid the fervid dance; And the dusk-eyed brunette wreathes her snare Through the sensuous advance.

The vivid, voluptuous waltz is done, But the beaux are busy as they can be; The buzzing butterflies round the sun Of a dazzling coterie. But I, in the wavering whirl of mirth Cast gloom and glamor far and wide; To me 'twas the emptiness of earth—
The feast of the Barmecide.

And there in a niche by the colonnade,
Alone with the crisp and biting breeze,
I counted the curves by the river made,
And the grenadier-like trees.

'And I vow that the cold and dark to me Were better than melody, wit, and wine; For I saw, what never on earth should be, Under the chill moonshine,—

I saw by the sinuous river side A willowy cottage, neat and white, Where the bayou ripples prank and glide To the clover aleft and right.

And a damsel, shaming the damsels here,
With naught of their satin and silk and pearls,
She—in a modest, maidenly sphere,
They—like the geisha girls!

Oh, how I worshiped you then and there,
The Mother of God alone can tell—
With the bandeau dimming your starry hair,
And your hand in mine, Estelle!

Lo! the boreal wind blew warm and soft,
And the heavens had gentle eyes for all—
I looked, with a gallant smile, aloft,
And my spirit had no gall.

My steps were turned to the ball again,
With an arching front and a springy tread—
"Oh, she is an angel to this train;
She is better than any," I said.

And better is she, sweet child, away
In that willowy cottage, neat and white;
For she is the darlingest bird of day,
But these are the birds of night.

The dear God nestles her eyes in sleep,
And her visions are beautiful and serene;
The dawn has nothing for her to weep,
With a flushed, disheveled mien.

And I swear, as I murmured things like these,
And even the revelry seemed but good,
I saw, 'mid its giddiest ecstasies,
My Violet of the Wood.

Not in the garb of the olden days,

But tricked with a tinselry of toys—

And she frowned as she met my eager gaze,

And she smiled o'er the foppish joys.

And she, high and haughtily, brushed me by,
To harvest the spoils of her fevered bliss—
To drink in the honeyed laugh and lie,
The honeyed serpent's hiss.

Yes! the boreal wind cut keen and bleak,
And the heavens had frosty eyes once more;
For the apples I plucked from the Venus-cheek
Were petrified to the core!

'And I sighed to my heart: "My love is rash,
Since these are the false and blasting fruits;
I thrust it back 'mid the diamond's flash,
'Mid the masquerade of flutes!"

ANIMA'

YOU came to me in feeble health, the hectic on your cheek,

Revealed to my adoring sight a body frail and weak; The lissome form, the glamored eyes, the spirit undefiled—

These, and a glimpse of early death, I saw, beloved child!

And if my guilty heart could dare to make your heart its goal—

I did not love you for your face—I loved you for your soul!

You came to me a waif of God, unsullied by deceit;

I felt it sacrilege to kiss the shadows of your feet;

And when your thoughts were magnified beyond the dull terrene,

I dreamt you sat within the Heaven beside the Nazarene:

And if my fierce emotions seared your being like a scroll—

I did not love you for your face—I loved you for your soul!

You came to me like manna-dews—like an embodied prayer;

Till your imploring accents turned the torrent of despair.

You made me feel the blight of Sin, the majesty of Love,

And when I clutched an earthly crown, you but glanced above.

Oh, gladly for you would these hands demand the beggar's dole—

I did not love you for your face—I loved you for your soul!

You left me, darling child, before the Promised Land was won,

And it was hard for me to look upon the living sun.

'Twas no ignoble whim that hoped to make you mine alway;

My idol was no frenzy of the perishable clay.

And if I kneel to you no more, save by the churchyard knoll,

I have not loved you for your face—I've loved you for your soul!

EIDOLON

A H, sweet-eyed Christ! Thy image smiles
In its Cathedral cell,
Shrined in the heaven-enamored arms
Of her who never fell;
And if my phantom eyes implore
A more benignant beam,
'Tis a nepenthe I would crave
For a memorial dream!

Dear Leonie! here didst thou kneel
That musky summer noon,
'As the zephyrs kissed in ecstasy
The dimpled cheeks of June—
'As the sunlight drifted o'er thy brow
A golden wave of grace,
Bright blending with the miracles
Of that angelic face.

Adorably Madonna-like,
By this communion rail,
Thy raptured face, though rich with youth,
Was spirit-lit and pale;
And oh those opulent blue eyes,
Those Meccas of despair —
They, they were glorious Eden-isles
Lost in a lake of prayer!

Saint Leonie! I saw thee flit
Gazelle-like to the street,
And pure, melodious angels led
Thy dainty, tinkling feet;
My rebel thoughts were petrel-winged,
Attendant upon thee,
Chasing thy loved and lissome shape
As Arabs of the sea.

Long did I love thee, belle Créole,
As Gebirs love the sun,
And in the temple of my soul
Thou wast the eidolon;
Long did I love thee, belle Créole,
Where corsair billows rise,
And where the silver planets soar
In unfamiliar skies!

Dark Corcovado! did I not,
With heart and soul aflame,
Carve on thy broad, monarchal brow
Her wildly worshiped name—
Watching the homeward ships scud by
Before the nimble breeze,
Till memory with them wept away
Beyond the tropic seas!

Years, years had died, and once again I saw the spires of home;
Then, armed with an undying hope,
I stood beneath this dome.

But not within the pillared aisle, Nor by the sacred sign, Could my bewildered eyes behold The loveliness of thine.

The sad November days had come,
And eagerly I fled
To find thee where the maidens deck
The kingdoms of the dead;
I found thee—yes, I found thee, love,
Beneath the willow tree—
With marble cross and immortelle
And one word—"Leonie!"

ALEXANDRINE

TWAS the morning of Palm Sunday, in Village Adair,

And the shy little chapel seemed jubilant there;
'Twas the morn of Palm Sunday, sad Sunday, I ween,
That I met thee and loved thee, Alexandrine,
Alexandrine!

I stood by the pew that was nearest to thine, While gentle St. Agnes, just over the shrine, Yearned tenderly to thee, as if she had seen Thy face up in Heaven, Alexandrine, Alexandrine!

I remember thy bodice, so snowy and blest, With a violet guarding its virginal nest; Thy sensitive forehead, thy contour serene, And a ripple of ringlets, Alexandrine,

Alexandrine!

We met in the aisle—how I think of it now!—And meekly I tendered my sanctified bough.

'Twas fondled, thy darling, deft fingers between—Ah! the poor bough is withered, Alexandrine,

Alexandrine!

And withered am I by a pitiless doom,
Like a blast from the lungs of the demon simoom;
In the magical spell of a haunted ravine,
Dost thou hear when I call thee, Alexandrine?

Alexandrine!

On my cheek there is health, all my mind is aglow,
But my soul is the saddest Sahara I know;
For thought hath not compassed, and eye hath not seen
The kingdom I'm banished from, Alexandrine,
Alexandrine!

By the way of the cross gleams thy radiant crown;
By the way of the world all my dreams have gone
down:

For thee peace and mercy; for me daggers keen, And war with the wehr-wolf, Alexandrine, Alexandrine!

Thy sorrows were many, thy happy days few;
Thy tears bowed thee down like a rose crushed with dew;

But those tears were too precious for mortal to glean, And a bride of the sky art thou, Alexandrine, Alexandrine!

In a dim convent cell of a land far away,
Thy crucifix guides thee by night and by day;
And the white wings of seraphim flutter between
My eyes and thy holiness, Alexandrine,
Alexandrine!

In thy saintliest prayer I would ask to remain,
Though for me there be no resurrection again.
The stars in their courses have mocked me, my queen,
But I bless thee forever, Alexandrine,
Alexandrine!

SPEAKING EYES

THERE are some faces, rarely met,
That weave a weird and winsome spell,
Just as the songs we ne'er forget
Of Kubla Khan and Christabel;
And these—so strange and fine—eclipse
The silken swarm of rosebud dyes;
Though silence loiters on the lips,
Sad poems warble with the eyes.

And such a face, sweet child, is thine,

Thine in the blossom of thy days—

Ah! woe is me! that love of mine

Should nestle in that magic gaze!

We met but once, and 'mid my brain

The flames of sorcery arise—

Oh! should we ever meet again,

Speak to me, darling, with thine eyes!

Through many lands I sought to find Some idol nobler than the Past;
No more a pilgrim pale and blind,
I've found thee, loveliest, at last!
At last, I scan thy warm, white brow,
At last, the Mecca planets rise—
The wizard charm is on me now—
Speak to me, darling, with thine eyes!

And with thine eyes, beloved, speak
The subtle thought that keeps me strong,
The sacred hope that fires my cheek
In combat with the base and wrong.
Better the everlasting night
Than glittering with the world's disguise,
But while the Heaven is in their light,
Speak to me, darling, with thine eyes!

My days are dark, and still I think
To claim thee in this globe of ours—
Brimming the swart Vesuvian brink,
Volcanic brows are fringed with flowers;
Together, by eternal meads
That broaden up to healthier skies,
My heart shall answer with its deeds
What thou art speaking with thine eyes!

MY BONNY KATE

THE sultry sun with angry eye,
Gleams from the lurid summer sky,
Through all the veins of red July,
My bonny Kate!
So, very sad and very lone,
I sit beside the window stone
Musing on months forever flown,
My bonny Kate!

This very day, one year ago,
I roamed where Charleston fronts the foe,
And loved, but dared not tell you so,
It was my fate!
But soon I sought your eager eyes
'And answered all their glad surprise
With love that falters not nor dies,
My bonny Kate!

You must remember times so bright
When every pulse thrilled through with light,
Watching the sweet moon's silver flight,
My bonny Kate!
That evening in the country town,
The morning ride, up hill and down,
The spring, where Eros won his crown,
My bonny Kate!

We parted, 'twas the first sharp pain,
We met and parted once again—
It seemed as though our love were vain,
So long to wait!
I strove to bring the world to bay,
From early dawn to twilight gray.
The promised land loomed far away,
My bonny Kate!

Thus garnered, in that sacred past,
My love has grown superb and vast,
Each day sublimer than the last,
My bonny Kate!
My heart is full and yet I know,
To-morrow it will overflow,
Forever yours, for weal or woe,
My bonny Kate!

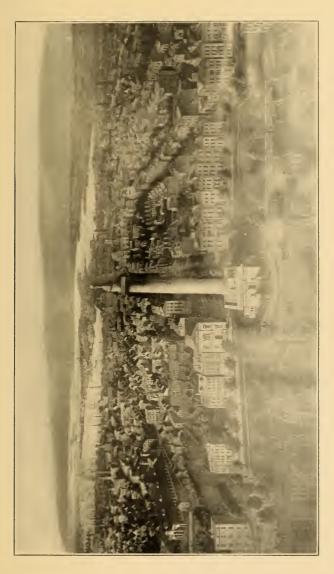
Then, darling, think what pangs assail
Your lover's triple vest of mail,
Dreaming that even you might fail
Your last year's mate.
Another sits where you have been,
With you another walks the green
And tender words have passed between,
My bonny Kate!

A few short weeks, and I may be Dashing along the hostile sea, Winning the gold that ransoms thee, My bonny Kate! To God I yield the doubt—to you
I give my solemn troth anew,
My love, my faithful and my true—
My bonny Kate!



III. War Foems and Elegies





BALTIMORE IN 1862

From a rare lithograph loaned for reproduction here by Mr. William Tappan. The first notable monument erected to (reorge Washington is in the foreground. In the distance may be distinguished Fort McHenry, the bombardment of which in 1814 furnished the theme for Francis Stort Key in The Star Spangled Banner, and whose guns, leveled later at the city, materially aided in awing the Southern sentiment in Baltimore and thereby holding Maryland within the Union in 1861.



MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,

With Watson's blood at Monterey, With fearless Lowe and dashing May, Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chaunt thy dauntless slogan song,

Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,

Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain, Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain— "Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain That baffles minions back again, Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,

Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,

Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,

Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,

Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,

Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! she burns! she'll come! she'll come!

Maryland! My Maryland!

PELHAM

JUST as the Spring came laughing through the strife,
With all its gorgeous cheer;
In the bright April of historic life,
Fell the great cannoneer.

A wondrous lulling of a hero's breath, His bleeding country weeps; Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death, Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the Child of Rome, Curbing his chariot steeds, The knightly scion of a Southern home Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle's brunt, The Champion of the Truth; He won his banner in the very front Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabers 'mid Virginian snow,
The fiery pang of shells—
And there's a wail of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon droops that led the sacred band Along the crimson field; The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face, While round the lips and eyes, Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace Of a divine surprise.

O mother of a blesséd soul on high!
Thy tears may soon be shed—
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky,
Among the Southern Dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
Favored with swift renown;
He with the martyr's amaranthine wreath
Twining the victor's crown!

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET

BY blue Patapsco's billowy dash
The tyrant's war shout comes,
Along with the cymbal's fitful clash
And the growl of his sullen drums;
We hear it—we heed it, with vengeful thrills,
And we shall not forgive or forget—
There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills,
There's Life in the Old Land yet!

We are crushed—we are scourged—we are scarred—
We crouch—'tis to welcome the triumph-tread
Of the peerless Beauregard.
Then woe to your vile, polluting horde
When the Southern braves are met—
There's faith in the victor's stainless sword—
There's Life in the Old Land yet!

Bigots! ye quell not the valiant mind With the clank of an iron chain; The Spirit of Freedom sings in the wind O'er Merryman, Thomas, and Kane!

Minions! we sleep, but we are not dead,

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET 101

And we—though we smite not—are not thralls, We are piling a gory debt; While down by McHenry's dungeon walls There's Life in the Old Land yet!

Our women have hung their harps away,
And they scowl on your brutal bands,
While the nimble poniard dares the day
In their dear, defiant hands!
They will strip their tresses to string our bows
Ere the Northern sun is set—
There's faith in their unrelenting woes,
There's Life in the Old Land yet!

There's life, though it throbbeth in silent veins,
'Tis vocal without noise—

It gushed o'er Manassas' solemn plains
From the blood of the Maryland boys!

That blood shall cry aloud, and rise
With an everlasting threat—

By the death of the brave, by the God in the skies,
There's Life in the Old Land yet!

THE BATTLE CRY OF THE SOUTH

Arm yourselves and be valiant men, and see that we be in readiness against the morning, that ye may fight with these nations that are assembled against us, to destroy us and our sanctuary.

For it is better for us to die in battle than to behold the calamities of our people and our sanctuary.—Maccabees 1.

BROTHERS! the thunder-cloud is black,
And the wail of the South wings forth;
Will ye cringe to the hot tornado's rack,
And the vampires of the North?
Strike! ye can win a martyr's goal;
Strike! with a ruthless hand—
Strike! with the vengeance of the soul
For your bright, beleaguered land!
To arms! to arms! for the South needs help,
And a craven is he who flees—
For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,*
And the God of the Maccabees!

Arise! though the stars have a murky glare,
And the moon has a wrath-blurred crown—
Brothers! a blessing is ambushed there
In the cliffs of the Father's frown;

^{*}The surname of the great Maccabees.

Arise! ye are worthy the wondrous light
Which the Sun of Justice gives—
In the caves and sepulchers of night
Jehovah the Lord King lives!

To arms! to arms! for the South needs help, And a craven is he who flees— For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp, And the God of the Maccabees!

Think of the dead by the Tennessee
In their frozen shrouds of gore—
Think of the mothers who shall see
Those darling eyes no more!
But better are they in a hero-grave
Than the serfs of time and breath,
For they are the children of the brave,
And the cherubim of death!
To arms! to arms! for the South new

To arms! to arms! for the South needs help, And a craven is he who flees— For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp, And the God of the Maccabees!

Better the charnels of the West
And a hecatomb of lives,
Than the foul invader as a guest,
'Mid your sisters and your wives—
But a spirit lurketh in every maid,
Though, brothers, ye should quail,
To sharpen a Judith's lurid blade,
And the livid spike of Jael!

To arms! to arms! for the South needs help, And a craven is he who flees— For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp, And the God of the Maccabees!

Brothers! I see you tramping by,
With the gladiator gaze,
And your shout is the Macedonian cry,
Of old, heroic days!
March on! with trumpet and with drum,
With rifle, pike, and dart,
And die—if even death must come—
Upon your country's heart.

To arms! to arms! for the South needs help, And a craven is he who flees— For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp, And the God of the Maccabees!

AT FORT PILLOW

YOU shudder as you think upon
The carnage of the grim report,
The desolation when we won
The inner trenches of the fort.

But there are deeds you may not know, That scourge the pulses into strife, Dark memories of deathless woe Pointing the bayonet and knife.

The house is ashes where I dwelt
Beyond the mighty inland sea,
The tombstones shattered where I knelt
By that old church upon the lee.

The prowling fiends who came with fire Camped on the consecrated sod, 'And trampled in the dust and mire The holy tenement of God!

The spot where darling mother sleeps,
Beneath the glimpse of you sad moon,
Is crushed, with splintered marble heaps,
To stall the horse of some dragoon.

And when I ponder that black day,
It makes my frantic spirit wince;
I marched—with Longstreet—far away,
But have beheld the ravage since.

The tears are hot upon my face,
When thinking what bleak fate befell
The only sister of our race—
A thing too horrible to tell.

They say that ere her senses fled,
She, rescued, of her brothers cried,
Then feebly bowed her stricken head,
Too good to live thus—so she died.

Two of those brothers heard no plea, With their proud hearts forever still— Guy, shrouded by the Tennessee, And Bertram at the Malvern Hill.

But I have heard it everywhere, Vibrating like a mystic knell; 'Tis as perpetual as the air And solemn as a funeral bell.

By scorched lagoon and murky swamp, My wrath was never in the lurch; I've killed the picket in his camp, And many a pilot on his perch. With steady rifle, sharpened brand,
A week ago, upon my steed,
With Forrest and his warrior band,
I made the hell-hounds writhe and bleed.

You should have seen our leader go
Upon the battle's burning marge,
Swooping, like falcon, on the foe,
Heading the gray line's iron charge.

All outcasts from our ruined marts, We heard th' undying serpent hiss, And, in the desert of our hearts, The fatal spell of Nemesis.

The Southern yell rang loud and high,
The moment that we thundered in,
Smiting the demons hip and thigh,
Cleaving them to the very chin.

My right arm bared for fiercer play,
The left one held the rein in slack;
In all the fury of the fray,
I sought the white man, not the black.

The dabbled clots of brain and gore Across the swirling sabers ran; To me each brutal visage bore The front of one accurséd man. Throbbing along the frenzied vein,
My blood seemed kindled into song—
The death-dirge of the sacred slain,
The slogan of immortal wrong.

It glared athwart the dripping glaives—
It blazed in each avenging eye—
The thought of desecrated graves
And one lone sister's desperate cry!

JOHN W. MORTON

TINGED with flame and sore beset,
Where gunboat and rifle fire met;
Where cannon blazed from water and land
Upon the Donelson Southern band,
A gallant lad of nineteen years,
A stranger to tremor and to fears,
Stood by a battery piece and shot
The first shell in that crater hot.

His captain, Porter, smitten down
Where all the volleyed thunders frown,
Shouted, when borne in pain away:
"John, don't give up that gun, I say!"
"No! not while a man is left," replied
The lad, in the flush of martial pride;
And he kept his word to the utter end,
While a man could live in that river bend.

"No prison for me," grim Forrest said,
And thousands followed where he led;
But other thousands remained because
They bowed to Buckner's word and laws.
Whelmed by the girdling Northern men,
They marched to the captive's dismal den,
And the lad who fired the first gun past
Into that solitude sad and vast.

A few months more, and the daring boy
Breathed the air that the free enjoy—
A few months more, and he gaily went
Where dauntless Forrest pitched his tent.
Saluting the hero, he quickly gave
To the South's own "bravest of the brave"
A paper that said he was to be
The Wizard's Chief of Artillery.

A derisive smile swept over the face
Of the stern commander from his place.
"What!" he growled, "are you to wield
Command of my guns in war's fierce field?
Nonsense, boy, go grow a beard!"
And this was what the stripling heard.
But presently the Wizard's brow
Grew calm. "I'll try you, anyhow,"
He said, and from that setting sun
Morton and Forrest were as one.

THE LONE SENTRY

Previous to the first battle of Manassas, the troops under "Stonewall" Jackson had made the first of those forced marches which later made them world-famous. At night they fell to the ground, exhausted and faint. When the hour arrived for setting the watch for the night, the officer of the day went to the General's tent and said:

"General, the men are all wearied, and there is not one but

is asleep. Shall I wake them?"

"No," said Jackson, "let them sleep, and I will watch the

camp to-night."

And all night long he rode around that lonely camp, the one lone sentinel for that brave but weary body of Virginia heroes. When morning broke the soldiers awoke fresh and ready for action, unconscious of the vigil kept over their slumbers.

TWAS at the dying of the day,
The darkness grew so still
The drowsy pipe of evening birds
Was hushed upon the hill.
Athwart the shadows of the vale
Slumbered the men of might,
And one lone sentry paced his rounds
To watch the camp that night.

A grave and solemn man was he, With deep and somber brow; The dreamful eyes seemed hoarding up Some unaccomplished vow. The wistful glance peered o'er the plain Beneath the starry light, And with the murmured name of God, He watched the camp that night.

The future opened unto him
Its grand and awful scroll—
Manassas and the Valley march
Came heaving o'er his soul;
Richmond and Sharpsburg thundered by,
With that tremendous fight
That gave him to the angel host
Who watched the camp that night.

We mourn for him who died for us
With one resistless moan,
While up the Valley of the Lord
He marches to the Throne!
He kept the faith of men and saints
Sublime and pure and bright;
He sleeps—and all is well with him
Who watched the camp that night.

ON THE RAMPART

N Sumter's rampart, that sweet eve,
I heard the vesper bugle play
In chorus with the ocean's heave,
All in the golden prime of May.

On either side, the level lands
Swam seaward gray and serpentine;
The billows burst in corsair bands
Against their shield of rock and pine.

Aloof, beyond the sullen bar Crouching, the black armada rides— Afront the vulture ships of war, Brooded the giant Ironsides.

The fortress guns scowled from their lair
Along the sentry's bristling beat;
While on the sultry wave, aglare,
Back frowned the gaunt and baffled fleet.

Above her, in the glittering day,

The white-winged banner's battle stars—
Crisping the bosom of the bay,

Bold Moultrie stands with all her scars;

Amid the island, in repose,

The casual breeze at last grew still;

And, through the haze of twilight, rose

The tower of Secessionville.

The patient moon clomb up the sky
Forever on the sun god's trail—
The saddest, loveliest thing on high,
And like Œnone's passion, pale.

The signal fires wink through the dark,
Aleft and right, as rays may reach
Around the red and feverish arc
Of muffled batteries on the beach.

A hallowed radiance, calm and grave, Gilded the city's storied spires; Where watch the beautiful and brave, Where sleep the Carolinian sires.

On Sumter's rampart, that sweet night, Leaning beside the shattered wall, Thy gentle face, so fair and bright, Kept me, dear love, within thy thrall.

I turned from wrecks of storm and strife
To thee—within some distant home;
I felt that all my fate and life
Were thine, wherever I must roam.

A glory has come o'er my days
In dreaming noblest dreams of thee;
Beyond the rampart, how my gaze
Went proudly o'er the Southern sea!

Dear love! though dreams may wither here,
They are upgathered from the sod;
And we shall see them reappear
In the long summer time of God!

THE CAMEO BRACELET

EVA sits on the ottoman there,
Sits by a Psyche carved in stone,
With just such a face and just such an air,
As Esther upon her throne.

She's sifting lint for the brave who bled, And I watch her fingers float and flow Over the linen, as thread by thread, It flakes to her lap like snow.

A bracelet clinks on her delicate wrist, Wrought, as Cellini's were at Rome, Out of the tears of the amethyst And the wan Vesuvian foam.

And full on the bauble-crest alway—
A cameo image keen and fine—
Glares thy impetuous knife, Corday,
And the lava-locks are thine.

I thought of the wehr-wolves on our trail,
Their gaunt fangs sluiced with gouts of blood;
Till the Past, in a dead, mesmeric veil,
Drooped with a wizard flood.

Till the surly blaze, through the iron bars,
Shot to the hearth, with a pang and cry—
And a lank howl plunged from the Champ de Mars
To the Column of July.

Till Corday sprang from the gem, I swear,
And the dove-eyed damsel I knew had flown—
For Eva was not on the ottoman there,
By Psyche carved in stone.

She grew like a Pythoness, flushed with fate, With the incantation in her gaze—
A lip of scorn, an arm of hate,
And a dirge of the Marseillaise!

Eva, the vision was not wild,
When wreaked on the tyrants of the land—
For you were transfigured to Nemesis, child,
With the dagger in your hand!

PLACIDE BOSSIER

A H, friend! in the tender College time No evil deed could stain thee, And now 'mid the combat's iron chime. In purity they've slain thee. Sans peur et sans reproche to live, Sans peur the foe defying-Sans peur et sans reproche we give Thy epitaph when dying.

When the Southern bullet sang the knell Of the ravaging invader, Then—then triumphantly he fell, Our spotless young Crusader; With the loud hurrah and the dauntless tramp Of the charging Creole yeomen, He fell where the Cherubim encamp, With his face to the flying foemen.

The blood moon guides its torch of night Through the smoke envolumed valleys, And the hillocks tell where the reddest fight Shook the quick, convulsive rallies; In the foremost phalanx he shall rest His head in the dust declining, The rifle shielding the soldier breast— The cross on the saint-heart shining! 118

OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD

UNKNOWN to me, brave boy, but still I wreathe For you the tenderest of wildwood flowers; And o'er your tomb a virgin's prayer I breathe To greet the pure moon and the April showers.

I only know, I only care to know,You died for me—for me and country bled;A thousand springs and wild December snowWill weep for one of all the Southern Dead.

The cause is sacred, when our maidens stand Linked with sad matrons and heroic sires, Above the relics of a vanquished land, And light the torch of sanctifying fires.

Your bed of honor has a rosy cope,

To shimmer back the tributary stars;

And every petal glistens with a hope,

When Love has blossomed in the disk of Mars.

Sleep! On your couch of glory slumber comes
Bosomed amid th' archangelic choir,
Not with the grumble of impetuous drum,
Deep'ning the chorus of embattled ire.

Above you shall the oak and cedar fling
Their giant plumage and protecting shade,
For you the song-bird pause upon its wing
And warble requiem ever undismayed.

Farewell! And, if your spirit wander near To kiss this plaint of unaspiring art—
Translate it, even in the heavenly sphere,
As the libretto of a maiden's heart.

MEMORIAL DAY

NOBLEST of martyrs in a glorious fight!
Ye died to save the cause of Truth and Right;
And though your banner beams no more on high,
Not vainly did it wave or did ye die!

No blood for freedom shed is spent in vain; It is as fertile as the summer rain; And the last tribute of heroic breath Is always conqueror over Wrong and Death.

The grand procession of avenging years Has turned to triumph all our bitter tears; And the cause lost, by battle's stern behest, Is won by Justice, and by Heaven blest.

Dark grew the night above our sacred slain, Who sleep upon the mountain and the plain; But darker still the black and blinding pall That whelmed the living in its lurid thrall.

But taught by heroes, who had yielded life, We fainted not, nor faltered in the strife; With weapons bright, from peaceful Reason won, We cleaved the clouds and gained the golden sun. And so to-day the marble shaft may soar In memory of those who are no more; The proudest boast of centuries shall be, That they who fell with JACKSON rise with LEE!

CHARLES B. DREUX

Weave the green laurel o'er the undaunted head!

Fling thy bright banner o'er the heart which bled

Defending thee!

Weep—weep, Imperial City, deep and wild!
Weep for thy martyred and heroic child,
The young, the brave, the free, the undefiled—
Ah! weep for him!

Lo! the wail surges from the embattled bands, By Yorktown's plains and Pensacola's sands, Re-echoing to the golden sugar lands, Adieu! adieu!

The death of honor was the death he craved,
To die where weapons clashed and pennons waved,
To welcome freedom o'er the opening grave,
And live for aye.

He died while yet his chainless eye could roll, Flashing the conflagrations of his soul!

The rose and mirror of the bold Creole,

He sleepeth well!

Lament, lone mother, for his early fate,
But bear thy burden with a hope elate,
For thou hast shrined thy jewel in the stake,
A priceless boon!

And thou, sad wife, thy sacred tears belong To the untarnished and immortal throng; For he shall fire the poet's breast and song In thrilling strains.

And the fair virgins of our sunny clime
Shall wed their music to the minstrel's rhyme,
Making his fame melodious for all time—
Forever bright!

ASHES

THE Spring will come with its ebullient blood, With flush of roses and imperial eyes; 'A vein of strength will throb along the flood—Banners of beauty toss the pillared wood When birds of music anthem to the skies.

And man prowls forth to mar thy gentle ways,
With sword and shot and sacrilegious hand;
Thy reign is fallen upon demon days,
We peer at thee althrough a gory haze,
Weeping and praying for our stricken land.

O Land! O Land of the benignant South!

The Great High Priest approaches to thy brow,
Anointing it with ashes; let thy mouth
Rebel not, nor thy heart be filled with drouth—
The hand will raise thee up that smites thee now!

'Ash Wednesday, 1865.

THE UNCONQUERED BANNER

THE sad priest-singer, in his dread despair,
When our war-trumpets ceased their charging
blare,

Wailed, in melodious numbers, o'er the South,
Her righteous Cause crushed at the cannon-mouth.
He bade us fold our banner and for aye,
Because its night had come and not one ray
Of hope remained to gild its glorious head,
'And that it typified the hopeless dead.

The peerless poet of that desperate age
Wrote an immortal lyric, but the rage
Of the aggressive section is no more,
And thus our Southern flag, from shore to shore,
Emerges like an eagle from its sleep
To woo the sun, and, in its heart to keep
The never-dying principle of Right,
Surviving every fierce, unequal fight.

Men die, but principles can know no death— No last extinguishment of mortal breath. We fought for what our fathers held in trust; It did not fall forever in the dust. Our foemen sought to make us worse than slaves, To envy all who sleep in hero-graves; They failed at last to do the deed they meant—They failed in trying God to circumvent.

And well for them they failed, for, in the end,
Their fate and ours must ever interblend,
If we have Cæsar, so must Cæsar be
With them in fullest perpetuity.
If they have empire and the sordid ban
Of Shylock and the money-changing clan;
The South is blameless; for she holds in fee
The stainless swords of Washington and Lee.

Now, let our Banner, symbol of the Right, Kiss every wind in its unconquered might; Let the glad spirit of the poet-priest Hover above this grand Reunion feast To watch our Banner, from the grave of strife Rise with the glory of a new-born life; Twined with the ancient flag, o'er land and main, And wed to deathless liberty again.

AT ARLINGTON

THE broken column, reared in air
To him who made our country great,
Can almost cast its shadow where
The victims of a grand despair,
In long, long ranks of death await
The last loud trump, the Judgment-Sun,
Which comes for all, and, soon or late,
Will come for those at Arlington.

In that vast sepulcher repose
The thousands reaped from every fray;
The Men in Blue who once uprose
In battle-front to smite their foes—
The Spartan Bands who wore the gray;
The combat o'er, the death-hug done,
In summer blaze or winter snows,
They keep the truce at Arlington.

And almost lost in myriad graves,
Of those who gained the unequal fight,
Are mounds that hide Confederate braves,
Who reck not how the north wind raves,
In dazzling day or dimmest night,
O'er those who lost and those who won;
Death holds no parley which was right—
Jehovah judges Arlington.

The dead had rest; the Dove of Peace
Brooded o'er both with equal wings;
To both had come that great surcease,
The last omnipotent release
From all the world's delirious stings;
To bugle deaf and signal-gun,
They slept, like heroes of old Greece,
Beneath the glebe at Arlington.

And in the Spring's benignant reign,
The sweet May woke her harp of pines;
Teaching her choir a thrilling strain
Of jubilee to land and main,
She danced in emerald down the lines;
Denying largesse bright to none,
She saw no difference in the signs
That told who slept at Arlington.

She gave her grasses and her showers

To all alike who dreamed in dust;
Her song-birds wove their dainty bowers
Amid the jasmine buds and flowers,
And piped with an impartial trust—
Waifs of the air and liberal sun,
Their guileless glees were kind and just
To friend and foe at Arlington.

And 'mid the generous Spring there came Some women of the land, who strove To make this funeral-field of fame Glad as the May-God's altar-flame, With rosy wreaths of mutual love— Unmindful who had lost or won, They scorned the jargon of a name— No North, no South, at Arlington.

Between their pious thought and God Stood files of men with brutal steel; The garlands placed on "Rebel sod" Were trampled in the common clod, To die beneath the hireling heel. Facing this triumph of the Hun, Our Smoky Cæsar gave no nod, To keep the peace at Arlington.

Jehovah judged—abashing man—
For in the vigils of the night,
His mighty storm-avengers ran
Together in one choral clan,
Rebuking wrong, rewarding right;
Plucking the wreaths from those who won,
The tempest heaped them dewy-bright
On Rebel graves at Arlington.

And when the morn came young and fair,
Brimful of blushes ripe and red,
Knee-deep in sky-sent roses there,
Nature began her earliest prayer
Above triumphant Southern dead.
So, in the dark and in the sun,
Our cause survives the tyrant's tread,
And sleeps to wake at Arlington.

IV. Miscellaneous Loems



SILVER SPRING

WHEN the Lord of Light revealed
The flashing radiance of his shield,
Glorifying wave and field;
When he felt he must expire,
Then his orb with blazing ire
Shot his dying shafts of fire;
When the palpitating breeze
Smote the gitterns of the trees,
Like the shout of distant seas;
When the jeweled birds that sing
Wooed on rainbow-tinted wing,
I beheld thy face of splendor blushing with the wild
and tender, Silver Spring!

Virgin! when the shadows roll To the ice-embattled pole,
From thy sweet, pellucid soul—
Each angelic host on high
Sees in that cerulean eye
Blossom-beauties of the sky,
(Blesséd Spirits! ye who dwell
Far beyond the ether swell,
How ye anthem, "It is well!")

On thy bosom let me seem

Kerneled in a Bagdad dream,

Rocked to slumber by a seraph over thy celestial stream!

On a fairy, pensive pinion
Gloat I o'er thy deep dominion,
Shaming e'en the Augustinian;
Wonders rushing thicker—faster!
Here a porphyry pilaster,
Here a temple alabaster;
And the sunshine as it falls
Splinters on quintillion halls
And a miracle of walls!
Now thy bannerets are beaming—
Now with mystic music gleaming

O'er a city—gem-girt city—in a gush of dervish dreaming!

Here, ah here, the Indian maiden, When with love and languor laden, Sought thee, as the cells of Aidenn; With a world of gentle guesses, In thy flood her floating tresses Poured their cascade of caresses! Here her hero from the rattle Of the crimson blows of battle, Slept beneath her soothing prattle—Slept—but, ere the sun's decline, Like the lightning-riven pine,

And his heart's blood, Silver Billow, swept its throbbings into thine.

When the sad and solemn moon Muses o'er the lone lagoon. 'And laughs the melancholy loon; When the crooning winter breeze, Hapless from the Hebrides, Chafes the dead cathedral trees 'Mid the vultures' muffled wails. Stifled by the panther-hails, Shuddering up palmetto trails; When the globe is wrapt in sleep, When the gnomes their vigils keep By the mountain and the deep-I can fancy phantom things, On their thunder-tarnished wings, Soaring with a fallen grandeur over these enchanted springs!

Dusky plume and siroc frown,
Lo! the night comes trampling down
O'er thy palaces and town!
Lo! a legion like the stars,
Speeding from their crystal cars,
Leap beyond the sable bars;
How they glittered as they roll'd!
How thy streets are stormed with gold!
Undine! Undine! thou are Princess of the Parables of Old!

KEATS

"Here lies one whose name was writ on water."

BEYOND the wall that belts the town, Where grand Saint Peter's titan crown Looks apostolically down;

With shrunken form and shrouded lid, The Song Bird—not the Song—is hid Near Caius Cestius' pyramid.

There purer from his Roman pyre, The star-eyed Skylark of the Choir Slumbers, a radiant Child of Fire!

Twin bards—twin death! no slander parts, With livid tongue and venomed darts, The Soul of Souls and "Heart of Hearts."

The coheirs of porphyrogene, Their dreams are royal and serene Beneath the night's sweet sibyl queen.

Methinks their sad song sadly calls From every breeze that swells and falls Along the Coliseum's halls. And that sad song shall murmur there, Upon the pulses of the air, With incense-wings of warbled prayer.

And it shall sigh and fondly flit When dome and tomb are bright moonlit, O'er him whose name was water-writ.

'Twas writ on water, but the wave That surges from a hallowed grave Is not old Ocean's liquid slave.

'Tis the tumultuous Sea of Song— The Scroll of the Anointed Throng To whom eternities belong!

Thy name, great Keats, had water-birth, And now, in its majestic worth, It heaves its billows over earth!

THE UNBOUGHT SEMINOLE

"After the defection of many of the Seminole chiefs in 1857, Arpeik was approached by the United States Commissioners, and tendered money and lands if he would cease hostilities and consent to deportation. Though not less than one hundred and fourteen years old, blind and decrepit, his intellect survived the wreck of the body and his soul retained its ancient heat. His reply was worthy of any age: 'Wagon loads of gold shall never buy me!' A few months afterward he died and was buried among the Thousand Islands in a remote corner of the land which gave him birth, which he had fought to possess and which he never relinquished utterly."

A N old, old man, in thicker shades
Than brood upon the brows of Night,
Hath lit the ghastly Everglades
With an imperishable light;
A light more brilliant in its flame
From the dusk soul from whence it came,
Amid the war-cloud's clashing fame—
It burns! it blazes! let it be
A globe-mark for the bold and free
To beacon on Eternity.
Ay, let it flash its halo high—
Flash like a meteor in the sky
With lightning flame
To crown a name
That cannot, will not quickly die!

No subtle tribute of the mine Could quell that hero-heart of thine; Not the ripe wilderness of gold Through which Pactolian tides have roll'd; Not the star-gem that grandly flings Its flambeau by barbaric kings; No traitor's breath, no hostile band, Not Power's all-pervading hand Could wrench thee from thy native land. The lone wolf hounded from his lair May find a shelter from despair— Man of the weary foot, for thee No refuge held the land or sea-Death, death alone could set thee free-And, more than free, since thus it came Girt with the glory-wings of fame.

O wildwood Spartan of thy time!
O more than Roman in thy crime,
Love for thine own beloved clime.
Dear God! what segment of the earth
Can match the region of our birth!
Though ice-beleaguered, rill on rill,
Though scorched to deserts, hill on hill—
It is our native country still.
Our native country, what a sound
To make heart, brain, and blood rebound!
Our native country! bannered far
On eagle wings, with cross and star;
Diviner than the hymns of glee
That flood Astarte-eyed Chaldee,

It frets the war flag on the deep, It makes the bale-fire on the steep, It stirs a thought that cannot sleep.

It arsenals the fleetest arm With the keen weapons of alarm, And sends them shimmering forth amain To smite and smite again. It boomed a grand, cathedral bell Along the crags to Bruce and Tell; It rang like cymbals on the breeze To Henry and Demosthenes; It pealed, like trumpets in the fray That canonized Thermopylæ; It wailed o'er Warren, sad and shrill, In the hot crash of Bunker Hill; It wept wild music o'er the dart That burst proud Osceola's heart, And still fares forth, a choral wave Upon the never-dying brave-Such is the heavenly gardened seed That flowers each immortal deed.

Such, such the spirit of the past
That nobly battles to the last,
And such the sunbeam of thy soul,
Grim Brutus of the Seminole!
And I—though pale-faced and thy foe,
Can laud thy joy and feel thy woe;
Would that a Homer's magic lyre,
His sibyl lip, his tongue of fire,

Were mine but one great moment—then, Statued with monumental men, Thy ghostly form, rapt in renown, Should stand with helmet, sword, and crown— And who would dare to drag it down?

From the thronéd summit of the Thousand Islands,
Meek virgins of the sea,
Along their diadem of emerald highlands,
The death-song sobs for thee.

The gay magnolia musky-haired and tender,
Queen-dryad of the scene,
Snares, in its veil of flower-floating splendor,
Winged linguists of the green.

The bright-plumed cedar trails its daintiest pillow For nectar-laden bees; Kneels, by the lake, the tress-disheveled willow,

Lone Magdalen of trees!

The knightly oak, a bulwark swart and brawny,
Stands by its page the vine;

Or hangs its targe, storm-gullied, cleft, and tawny, Upon its spear, the pine.

A dreamy flock of violet creations
Stare at the anchored clouds,
Or shrink to see the spectral cypress nations
Rise gibbering through their shrouds.

Beneath the turban of a tall palmetto,

Thy scattered warriors kneel,

Grim pilgrims at their gallant hearts' Loretto,

With votive bead and steel.

Upon their hearts, broad bucklers of alliance,
The scars are greenly dim'd—
Dread gaps, dread syllables of fierce defiance
Upon the tiger-limbed.

Apart from all, of all the goodliest number
Are widowed ones, alas!

In vain, in vain ye watch for those who slumber
In lagoon and morass.

A giant mound, with untold ages hoary,
Outspiraling the strand,
Bears thee, great chieftain, like a steed of glory,
Upon the spirit-land.

From the gray summit of Time's stateliest mountain,
Age, throned amid the rocks,
Had shot the avalanche of a thousand-fountain
In silver down thy locks.

But now, but now, thy earthliness departed,
De Leon's fount is won;
'And all the dead who left thee, broken hearted,
Outgleam the primal sun.

There Micanopy, with his plumes vermilion, Stalks by the glittering ring;

There Tustenuggee, 'neath a rich pavilion, Ay, "Every inch a King!"

There Osceola, warlike, wise and sparing, Outsoars the belting wave;

There Coacbochee, warlike, wild and daring, From his bleak Western grave.

There, the Great Spirit, in his car of thunder, Salutes thee with a smile:

"Live on, my son!" The clouds are rent asunder About the funeral pile.

Dark Withlacoochee caught the magic meaning, Triumphant with St. John,

And bore it on, with every ripple gleaming: "Live on! Live on! Live on!"

The comeliest damsels of thy shadowy nation Shall sing to thee: "Live on!"

Shout echo, million-tongued o'er all creation: "Live on! Live on! Live on!"

The lyric gales, in soft melodious motion,
Thrill the harp-pines: "Live on!"

While throbs the everlasting dirge of ocean:
"Live on! Live on!"

THE WILLOW

M Y parent stem was nurtured in the soil
Of St. Helena, near the grave of him
Who shook the world in many a battle-broil,
And died a captive where dark waters swim,
In that lone isle of Afric's subtle coil—
A memory no time or age may dim.

Torn from that ever memorable tree,
I was borne long and weary miles away,
Across a mighty waste of restless sea,
To be enrooted in the honored clay
That guards the noblest son of Liberty
Asleep, awaiting the eternal day.

So, after mingling with heroic dust—
Napoleon, Washington—I came at last
To find a final resting place, I trust;
Where the Savannah's tawny tide glides past
A city venerable and august—
In a glad garden I was fondly cast.

I bravely grew, wooed by a Southern sun,
A graceful tree, with opulence of tress.
The vital sap through all my fibers spun,
And dainty damsels gave me their caress.
A lovely matron all my senses won,
And so I longed her happy home to bless.

Anon, the winter stripped me of my leaves,
Until I stood disheveled and forlorn;
But still my tropic heart clung to the eaves
Of that dear household, in the night and morn.
Soon the lord Spring, who blesses and reprieves,
Poured emerald largess o'er my features worn.

How have I thrilled when they I loved were gay,
In the warm sunshine and the alert breeze!
When round the festal board wit ruled the day
And wisdom was espoused to pleasantries.
How have I wished such happiness could stay,
Unsmitten always with sad memories!

Alas! there came a dread, dissolving scene
To snap the jocund circle of my friends!
So, one by one, they fled all things terrene,
To seek the mystic shore that never ends—
Where mortal must on the immortal lean,
Where the true ideal with the real blends.

The reverend grandsire left my grateful shade
And baby eyes beheld my form no more;
The dazzling lawyer in the sod was laid;
The keen preceptor fell, with all his lore;
The brilliant master slumbers in the glade—
Not lost, but in due meekness gone before.

Still lingers my sweet matron, gravely bright,
With stalwart sons and daughters tall and grand.
They stand between her and the ghosts who might
Become a mournful, melancholy band.
I watch her, when the hours are aflight,
Her gaze uplifted to the shining strand!

Perchance, you think a willow has no tongue,
No sentient touch, nor article of speech,
No power to soothe the heart, in anguish wrung,
No message to impart or moral teach.
But lo! a poet all my dreams has sung,
And who that sorcery will dare impeach?

FAR OUT AT SEA

AR out at sea! far out at sea!
The winged wind warbles melody;
The billows fringe their curls of foam,
And tremble back with thoughts of home;
I stream my soul on every crest
That gambols onward to the west—
'Tis freighted, love, with hope and thee.
Far out at sea! far out at sea!

Far out at sea! far out at sea!
The petrels soar the surge with glee!
The livelong day they skim the air,
The livelong night they slumber there—
Wild, wand'ring souls of those who sleep
Beneath the coral-citied deep,
And from the shades heart-break to be
Far out at sea! far out at sea!

Far out at sea! far out at sea!
The bird-like bark flew merrily!
The day-god slept—his bride on high
Wove isles of light o'er wave and sky;
On, on we flew, and from the wake
What moon-enameled beauties break!

A vapory veil of silver bars Entangled in a sky of stars— Supernal visions came to me Far out at sea! far out at sea!

Far out at sea! far out at sea!
The raven screams upon the lee;
The storm-king rides the lightning now,
And wreck and ruin bare his brow—
A gallant ship, descending fast,
Is whirled beneath the waters vast,
And with her in the whelming tide,
The loveliest child that ever died
In faith, in purity and pride!
One fair white arm upon her breast,
One sunny curl lost from the rest,
And there she lies—sweet Melanie!
Far out at sea! far out at sea!

Far out at sea! far out at sea!
And art thou happy, Melanie?
Oh, in thy grand and mystic grave
Beneath the blue, blue tropic wave,
Dost see, sweet child, the diamond blaze
Upon the Nereid of old days—
Dost hear the choral song of shells,
More musical than golden bells—
And in thy ocean jubilee
Dost think of him who loveth thee?
Far out at sea! far out at sea!

ARCHITECTURE

ONE—gone the spires, and pinnacles, and fanes,
I built upon the mist-isles of the past,
Naught but a hollow Babylon remains
Of all the bright, adorable, and vast;
Still I make miraculous amends
By hewing Meccas from your hearts, my friends!

Welcome! ye passionate rills that cleave my brain,
Blest with ebullient melodies of morn—
While 'mid the plumed battalia of the cane
Throb the red sun-flags by encrimsoned corn!
Here, where the forest with the field contends,
I'll sculpture immortalities, my friends!

Imperial Heart! that blossomed into mine
Hot with eleusia of electric youth—
Friend of my boyhood! a majestic shrine
I chisel from that burning heart of truth.
Where the parched gulls to velvet waves descend,
Be thou my Monolith of Faith, my friend!

Devoted Heart! that bore mine, like an ark,
Through the blind deluge of disease and care,
Giving it shelter in the light when dark
And hideous fortunes throttled with despair—
While the glad planets o'er the globe impend,
Be thou my Battlement of Pride, my friend!

Undaunted Heart! that into mine hath poured
The subtle wine-blood of its lusty praise—
A living bulwark, with its shield and sword,
When I had fallen upon coward days;
O, could I to ethereal worlds ascend,
Thy heart should be my Pantheon, my friend!

Maternal Heart! that charmed mine in the path
That glideth to the splendor of the Throne,
And soothed it, blistered in the climes of wrath,
And kissed it, shud'ring from the abyss of moan,
The sweet, sweet skies, like incense, interblend
About the Altar of thy Heart, my friend!

And thou—who comest like a meteor-beam
To quell me in the zenith of my pride—
Thou—thou who mockest me with that fatal gleam
Which gave me but the ghost-world for a bride—
Woe! woe! the palaces I wrought depart,
And all my necromancy is a tomb—my Heart.

GUIDO'S AURORA

THE golden sun, with four tremendous steeds, Cleaves the glad air, above the flowery meads; The girdling hours, in dazzling dyes bedight, Laugh the Light-bearer into headlong flight,—Dazed by effulgence of the God of Day, Aurora melts in mystery away—Flees to the night, that vanished at her birth, And yields the sun dominion of the earth.

PALINODIA

THOUGH it leave me ashes, I will thrust
This Etna from my breast;
My times have been tumultuous, they shall know
The ecstasy of rest.

They marred the work of heaven when they scoff'd My unpolluted truth—

Oh, it was death to feel the venom-dews Trickling the veins of youth!

My mind was swung in blindness, like a cloud, O'er caverns of despair;

My soul was a dead Carthage, with a doomed And baffled Roman there.

Stung by the blare and trespass of the world, I cursed it, on my knees,

Where, in its cell, monastic Amazon Hymns to the cloistered trees.

I wrestled with my soul when twilight fowls
Began their rigadoon,

Where the lost cypress, like Ophelia, mourns
Above the gaunt lagoon.

Yes! I have pillaged the forbidden boughs
Of all their stealthy lore;
The fruit that shed its dust upon my lips
Was from Gomorrha's shore.

Love! I will cleanse those lips at Siloe's pool,
Incumbent to the sod;
I look upon my past, as pagans look
Upon their cloven god.

Love! I will kneel at holier knees again,
With sin-abashing brow,
And learn a new philosophy from faith
To save me from the slough.

Love! it was thy meek eyes and gentle words
That gave my spirit sight;
And it will follow thee to higher lands
Through the dim Vale of Night.

ISIS

MY friend, the young artist, is clever and kind,
With a broad Roman forehead and deep German heart;

And though but a tyro, I cannot be blind To his whimsical skill and his exquisite art.

I laugh at his quips, as I lounge in his room,
Where we gin the grum world with its duns and its
debts,

Till spun by philosophy out of the gloom, And Calle Obispo's divine cigarettes.

Anon we play chess, with the odds of a pawn,
On an arabesque baize full of goblins and Circes;
You should see how he strangles a masculine yawn
As I gasp out my last little spasm of verses.

'Tis the game of my life, this game of the squares,
For my Queen of White Chessmen is coy as the
stars!

When a bishop, like Dunstan, snakes up unawares And soon there is nothing but death—or cigars!

ISIS 155

Cotillions of smoke swirl the curtains and walls

By a swart old Tertullian, all gnarléd and knotty;

And then in quadrilles, as it stifles and crawls

On a muscular torso by Buonarotti.

Here Leviathan gores through a shock of harpoons— There, Lazarus mumbles his crust on the sod— Afar, in this carnival dance of cartoons, Hypatia glares on the crucified God!

Here, Scanderberg gashes the Ottomite van— There, the dulcimer damsel of Kubla is heard— Hard by, a neat sketch of the crafty old man We have sent to inveigle Napoleon the Third.

There are foils on the arras and shields on the stair, While an arquebuse bosses the lank balustrade; And trailing just over that worm-eaten chair Is a woman's white dress with its bodice and braid.

The visions of youth are the wizards of thought,
No matter how gusty, no matter how good;
How many have married the woman they sought—
How seldom we marry the woman we should!

I sprang from the couch, till I stood by the side
Of my friend, as he gazed at the bodice and dress;
"This way," whispered he, "and I'll show you a bride
Not to wed but to worship—to sing not to bless."

Dear God! as the picture the painter unsealed,
The curtain was shriveled away to a scroll—
I felt that an Isis of Eld was revealed,
That Isis I veiled in the crypt of my soul!

Those pure melting eyes float that mystical gauze, Which prophecy weaves on the sight and the hair Of those that peer down the death-vistas and pause O'er the slab and the violets waiting them there.

There's a fountain of tears by the fountain of mirth, As twilights are thin 'twixt an old and new leaven; And if not a paladin hero of earth, She could make me a passionate pilgrim of heaven.

Ah, the glove's on the mantel, the rose in the glass,
The name in the Bible upon the blank page,
And the very same rosary fingered at mass
Coiled by the canary bird—dead in its cage.

O beautiful child of a beautiful morn!

There's a beautiful bodice begemming thy breast,

But it speaks of the cerement, that seraphs have worn,

And it tells of a nightingale slain in its nest.

And I gaze, and I gaze, and I gaze, till the moon, With its irised aureola, sleeps on her brow—My Isis! thy image departed too soon, For I gaze and I gaze on thy vacancy now.

ISIS 157

O beautiful child of a beautiful day!

There's a beautiful song on thy Sibylline lip;
But it sings of the breaker that boils in the bay,
And it dirges the doom of a desolate ship.

Lost—lost, long ago! and she dreams o'er the sea,
Where the rude Saxon daisies above her have blown;
I know that the angels are angry with me,
For the woman is dead that my spirit hath known!

LINES ON GROWING OLD

I KNOW not why, in my old age,
That I am poor and in distress;
A vigorous prisoner in a cage,
Alert in mind, with health to bless;
Ripened in years, with wiser ways
Than in my callow youthful days.
I am forsaken—in the cold,
Only because I have grown old.

What matters that, in worldly strife, I lead an upright, temperate life—Have vital sap in all my veins
And summer lightning in my brains—What matters that I still can write
Up to my once meridian flight—To every plea one tale is told:
"We want you not; you are too old!"

But God knows why I am forlorn: There is a better brighter land Where Lazarus, in eternal morn, Sees Dives with his burning brand. Thus helmeted with Faith and Hope, I cheerly wait the coming end, Content on this poor earth to grope, So I, one day, to God ascend!

I'M NOT A POET NOW

L ADY dear, the living flame
Is ashes on my brow;
My days are done, ere half begun—
I'm not a poet now!

I never ask a pretty girl
To roam beneath the moon,
I never beg the deaf, deaf stars
To sprinkle down a boon;
I never write a sonnet, and
I scorn to make a bow—
No use of so much fuss, I swear—
I'm not a poet now!

I never babble of the sea,
I much prefer a pool,
I never try to steal a kiss—
I am not such a fool!
I never read Anacréon Moore,
Too trashy far, I vow;
Lord Byron is a dreadful bore—
I'm not a poet now!

I never flirt in coquette's eyes,
With handkerchief or fan,
I never squander dimes upon
The hurdy-gurdy man;

I'm curious in statistics of
The anvil and the plow—
They know me at the calaboose—
I'm not a poet now!

I never wander, like a loon,
Amid the "shades of night"—
I hate your "charming solitudes,"
They give me such a fright;
I like a squalling baby and
Am partial to a row,
Besides, I am getting very fat—
I'm not a poet now!

When Mary sings Italian airs
I lose my self-command,
'And wish her "Casta Diva" off
To good old Dixie Land!
When Sophie simpers for the dance,
I swear I know not how—
Too big to play such monkey-pranks—
I'm not a poet now!

I'm working on the principle
That two and two make four—
Believe the soul of music's in
The dray-wheels at the door;
Would rather have a shilling piece
Than Homer's laurel bough—
I'm in the pork and bacon line—
I'm not a poet now!

In callow youth I churned my mind
For happiness and fame,
While sleep evoked the misty worlds
Melodious with my name;
But nevermore the dusty days
Those fantasies allow:
The cobwebs of the brain are gone—
I'm not a poet now!

Lady dear, the living flame
Is ashes on my brow;
My days are done, ere half begun—
I'm not a poet now!

SARCASTIC

L OUD Sir, I am
—Myself o'erthrown
By your tremendous racket;
But let us see
In what degree
That you and I most lack it.

A wise old saw
Hath made it law—
(Now all your ears displaying)
That lions quell
Their roar a spell
When jackasses are a-braying.

SILHOUETTE

ADIES and gallants, well a day! If ride ye must, and will not stay, Ah, do not ride in midmost May!

Lassie! be sure to take your brother; Laddie! go not without grandmother; Lassie and laddie, take no other!

For I have been the dupe of blisses— My malison on blonden Misses, With cherry mouths lip-full with kisses;

And jaunty hats with ribboned bows, And beaded basques and—heaven knows What gilded pitfalls full of woes!

Dear little bread-and-butter chit, You jilted me I must admit— And split my heart—the deuce a bit!

I swore the jewel of Giamschid Than you less excellency hid; You thought so too—you know you did. And yet you made a famous fool Of one a lastrum since from school; I'm on the penitential stool.

With groan and grimace acrimonious, I vote all flirting most erroneous, And bivouac with Saint Antonius,

I'll make the calaboose my bunk, I'll delve in some monastic trunk; 'Twere highly proper to get drunk!

I'll sing Am Rhein in the Casino— Become obstreperous with Blineau; In divers ways I'll breeze my spleen, oh!

Lycanthropy to me is placid; I'll out-strut e'en Haroun Alraschid— Read Werter, too, for prussic acid.

All womankind shall learn to rue it; I'll drench my locks with mutton suet, And guard the corners—young men do it!

Upon reflection, I will not Become an interesting sot, And sprout a nasal apricot!

Philosophy shall be obeyed; I'll puff my meerschaum in the shade, And live to see you an old maid! A starch old maid with snuff and chat, With crimpéd curls and—think of that— A fusty parrot and—a cat!

I have your tiny gloves hard by; You gave them to me with a sigh— They're torn and faded—so am I.

I banquet on them with my looks, I haunt the meadow—tangled brooks, And sift dried jasmines from my books.

And brooding o'er them, wrath is felled; I only see the hands that held, Becking me ever back to Eld!

Yes—yes! I do forgive the Past; And though your stars be overcast, I'll deem you loveliest to the last.

But I shall ride no more away, In kingly cavalier array, In midmost love—in midmost May!

MALISON

PROMISED no reproach, Elise, Though all thy flimsy vows were fickle; My slender-necked anemones Have perished by thy crafty sickle: Well! let them go, though soiled and stolen, And headless, too, as Anna Boleyn— Ay, let them go, though debonair With hazel, poppy-perfumed hair. I'll not reproach, Elise, but I Will make my malediction lie Upon thee, feathery as a sigh; Till from abysmal peaks of woe My curse shall shroud thee with its snow; Softly upon that forehead fair, Crisping the poppy-perfumed hair, Its winnowing ice-birds lilt and go,-But no reproach, Elise, oh no-Only the rustle of the snow! 'Twill skim thy throat not rude or redly-Its dapper feet, Slippered with sleet, Shall into thy bonnet and bosom retreat With a stinging like snow, Which is woe— Only my curse, my curse you know!

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Not rude or redly—
Nothing but snow!
As shy—as smooth—as cool—as slow—
As deadly.

MADAME LA GRIPPE

WHERE the seas meet the land, and the land quits the seas,

The universe shakes with a terrible sneeze:
The Czar in his palace, the serf in his hut,
Explode all alike when the nostril is shut;
The saint's holy person is no more exempt
Than the sinner whom Satan refuses to tempt.
The pest of the air takes a world-waking trip,
And its banners are blazoned: "Beware of La Grippe."

We heard of it first where Peter the Great Made the marsh of the Neva the heart of his State. It crumpled the Cossack, and then, in the morn, Crossing the Balkans, captured the fair Golden Horn. The Sultan dropped down with a bigness of head That made his whole harem afraid of the dead, For a microbic Skobeleff rushed with a skip And held old Byzantium fast in La Grippe.

The Berlin professors went down in despair And their scholars tore Greek, by the roots, from their hair;

The Titans who humbled the nations grew weak, While their battle-cry sank to a sad nasal squeak. The junker dejectedly sipped at his beer, Then turned from the stein in a transport of fear; The White Lady scare and the pale Phantom Ship Were nothing in horror to Madame La Grippe!

Zigzagging along on the Baltic's bleak strand, It crossed the grim channel to sturdy England: The eloquent Gladstone lost power of speech, And Salisbury took to his bed with a screech; The Queen drank hot toddy of fine Irish make, And dreamed that Parnell was attending her wake With a dark, scowling visage and sinister lip, Disguised in the raiment of Madame La Grippe!

Astride of the cable, by British emprise,
It shot to the land of the free and the wise:
The Bostonese stomach disdained pork and beans,
And lived on a diet of antipyrines;
New York heard the figure of Liberty whoop
Like a child in the closest embrace of the croup;
The scissors were dropped from Coupon's keen clip
'As Wall Street went mad in the waltz of La Grippe!

On the wings of a blizzard, it flew to the West, With a wild and a woolly rheumatic behest: Chicago surrendered at once the World's Fair And took a first prize in the Prince of the Air; The big bulk of Barnes was a rampart of might, But it sank at the shock of this malefic sprite. East and West, West and East, with a roar and a rip, Crashed the thunderous footfall of Madame La Grippe!

The moral, perchance, is not proper to hide, It levels at once our poor human pride: We are all in the clutch of invisible foes, And the elements fill us with blessings and woes; We have brotherhood bonds to pay at our ease, In all the vast circle of health and disease; But little it matters, whatever may slip, So Providence shield us from Madame La Grippe!

NIGHT AND DAY

NIGHT above and night below— Into the night you saw me go With the midnight of my woe.

Had I never sought your side, You had never wrung my pride; Then my faith had never died.

I was mad to think you dear— Madder far to kiss the spear— Maddest, that I lingered here.

Welcome back, good pilgrim staff! Truth is wind, and Love is chaff— Both are winnowed by a laugh.

Hola ho! I will depart, Though seditious tear-drops start— Though each footfall stabs my heart!

Sink or swim I'll tempt the stream, In your eye's repellent beam Tombing what I dared to dream.

Day above and day below— Into the day you'll see me go, With the daybreak-stars—heigho.

ADIEU

A DIEU! adieu!
Bright eye of blue, With ebbless oceans in thy hue: Unloved, unblest, I cannot rest, While thou art waving to the West.

His prayer surceased. The Golden Priest Hath chanted Masses in the East; And soon will skim The river's rim. To sing his dying vesper hymn.

I think-I think, If I could sink Beyond this juggling orbit's brink, That I might drown The Demon's frown Where suns and satellites go down.

Farewell! farewell! My bonnie belle, I dungeon what I cannot quell; Distraction's slave,
I weep and rave,
While prophets warn me from the grave.

A wretch abhorred,
I broke my sword
Upon the buckler of the Lord;
I feel the shock,
Upon my rock,
While the foul condors round me flock.

Adieu! adieu!
Sad eye of blue;
I've wrecked my life within thy hue.
I grieve, I grieve,
And yet I live
To know the future God may give.

LA FETE DES MORTS

PEACE to the dead; though the skies are chill,
And the north wind waileth coarse and shrill;
Peace to the dead! though the living shake
The globe, with their brawling battle-quake;
Peace to the dead! though peace is not
In the regal dome or the pauper cot;
Peace to the dead! there's peace, we trust,
With the pale dreamers in the dust.

Roses and pansies guard them well,
Tinging triumphant immortelle;
Minions of Doubt, we bend the knee
To the kings and queens of mystery.
Storm and sunshine, mist and rain,
Do ye knock at their marble doors in vain?
And ye, sepulchral cliffs of night,
Do ye rise to appal their shadowed sight?
O Darkness! thy mission is not just
To the pale dreamers in the dust.

Peace to the mother, there beguiled With her frozen lily—her deathless child; Peace to the father and his mate, Peace to the lowly and the great, Peace to the maidens as they rest
With the cross on the cold and waxen breast;
Peace to the soldier, blossom and bud,
For he fell with the sacrament of blood;
Peace to the dead! there's peace, we trust,
With the pale dreamers in the dust.

Father! if peace is not with them,
Where shall we seek for the subtle gem?
'Tis not of the Earth, for we lose it here,
And death is the gate of the golden sphere.
Father! Thy mercies cannot cease;
Crush us, but give Thy sleepers peace.
Smite us, Redeemer, if Thou must,
But pardon the dreamers in the dust!

SUNDAY REVERY

BEYOND my dingy window pane
This beamy Sunday morn,
I watch the red-breast on the vane
And the ravens robbing corn;
Hard by, the Alabama boils
Its sallow flood along,
With driftwood biers and forest spoils—
A melancholy throng!

The rich horizon melts away
To an illumined arch,
With summer tresses all astray
Upon the brows of March;
The birds, inebriate with glees,
Seem happiest when they sing,
Thrilling the aromatic trees
With symphonies of Spring.

The pulse of nature throbs anew, Impassioned of the sun; The violet, with eyes of blue, Is modest as a nun.

The roses reck not of the strife
That crashes up the North;
Alas! the mockery of life
When Death is striding forth!

An alien in this lonely land,
I sound an alien strain,
Until my own fair State shall stand
Inviolate again;
The long-lost Pleiad of our sky
Is glimmering still afar,
And nations yet shall see on high
That bright and blesséd star.

The church bells toll their solemn chime,
From out the minster eaves,
Knelling some old religious rhyme,
Half stifled by the leaves.
A thousand miles away, I hear
Those grand Cathedral notes,
Which made my youth a fairy sphere
With cymbal-clashing throats.

Vibrating to each sturdy tone,
My soul remembers well
The mild Madonna's statue-stone
Within its ivory cell;
The ritual read, the chanting done—
The belfry music roll'd,
And all my faith, like Whittington,
Was in the tales it told!

And, oh! I feel as men must feel
Who have not wept for years;
Upon my cheek behold the seal
Of consecrated tears.
A mighty Sabbath calm is mine
That baffles human lore,

A resurrection of Lang Syne, A guiltless child once more.

And mother's schoolboy with his mimes,
This beamy Sunday morn,
Forgets the grim, tumultuous times
That hardened him in scorn—
Forgets terrific ocean days
Beyond the tropic gates,
Where the Magellan clouds down-gaze
On Patagonian Straits.

He nothing heeds the long despair
Within the savage swamp,
The jungle and the thicket where
The serpent tribes encamp;
He little heeds the dream of Fame,
Its treason or its trust,
The hope of a sonorous name—
A requiem from the dust.

But oh, he heeds Elysian hours
That hint of Long Ago!
Those dreamful days in college towers
He never more shall know—

The home he never more may see,
A Paradise to him—
The books he read at Mother's knee
When her dear eyes grew dim!

O Mother—Mother! Tears must fleet
Along the battle track
Ere yet thy lonely heart can greet
Its weary wanderer back—
A deathless love these tears bespeak,
For thy devotion shed,
With thy pure kisses on my cheek,
Thy blessing on my head!

THE PLACE OF REST

I AM not happy, though my smiles betoken
The jocund fancies which I do not feel;
I am not happy, all my hopes are broken
Upon the world's inexorable wheel.
'Tis said the dying shed no useless tears,
And so, I weep not for the vanished years.

I weep not for them, though they flock around me
In solitude, and in the noontide glare;
I weep not for them, though fond eyes confound me,
With midnight havened in their realmless stare.
With jests upon my lips I stand aghast
O'er the Dead Angel that we call the Past.

No More! O terrible, wild word! the days
That have been shudder in the iron grave;
And lo, I totter on, in blind amaze,
'Mid the black gulches of th' o'erwhelming wave:
No star-bright seas, no Pharos-litten shore,
While the hoarse Raven croaks, "No More! No More!"

And still I weep not, it may be, alas!

That I am hardened into more than stone—
Ah, happy they whose hearts like brittle glass,
Break ere the worst of bitterness is known.

The cold remain, the gentle pass away, In their white innocence—how happy they!

The drums are clattering in the crowded streets,
The fife and bugle warlike concords blend,
The roar of cannon to my soul repeats:
"Peace, weary one, thy pilgrimage can end—
There's rest for thee upon the battle field,
With triumph towering in thy shattered shield!"

AFTER A LITTLE WHILE

A FTER a little while,
When all the glories of the night
and day
Have fled for aye;
From Friendship's glance and Beauty's winsome smile,
I pass away,
After a little while.

After a little while,
The snow will fall from time and trial shocks,
Down these dark locks;
Then gliding onward to the Golden Isle,
I pass the rocks,
After a little while.

After a little while,
Perchance, when Youth is blazoned on my brow,
As Hope is now,
I fade and quiver in this dim defile,
A fruitless bough,
After a little while.

After a little while,
And clouds that shimmer on the robes of June
And vestal moon
No more my vagrant fancies can beguile—
I slumber soon,
After a little while.

After a little while,
The birds will serenade in bush and tree,
But not for me;
On billows duskier than the gloomy Nile
My barque must be—
After a little while.

After a little while,

The cross will glisten and the thistles wave
Above my grave,
And planets smile;

Sweet Lord! then pillowed on Thy gentle breast,
I fain would rest,
After a little while.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

To my faithful friends, Mrs. Harriet G. Gould and Mrs. Harriet G. Jefferies.

THE true friend is the same,
In sunshine or in shade,
In humbleness or fame—
When Poverty's keen blade
Suppresses joy and mirth
And hurls you to the earth.

True friendship clings alway,
When false ones swiftly flee.
In night or in the day,
Upon the land or sea,
Fixed like a magnet-heart,
It never can depart.

The true and loyal friend
Is conscious of your faults,
But, generous to defend
When the mean critic halts,
Or makes the worst appear
Upon his cynic spear.

I have two noble friends,

Of high and gracious birth—
A gift that heaven sends

Though I am little worth.
I'm glad to live so long
For friendship, sweet as song.

Mother and daughter true

To Friendship's grand behest,
All good things come to you

And be ye ever blest!

To ye be crowns divine
Is ever prayer of mine!



V. Zoems Memorial and Keligious



WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED

THE Saviour, bowed beneath His cross,
Clomb up the dreary hill,
While from the agonizing wreath
Ran many a crimson rill.
The brawny Roman thrust him on
With unrelenting hand—
Till, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd,
He fell upon the sand.

'A little bird that warbled near,
That memorable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench
One single thorn away;
The cruel spike impaled his breast,
And thus 'tis sweetly said,
The Robin wears his silver vest
Incarnadined with red.

Ah Jesu! Jesu! Son of Man!
My dolour and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this
Winged Ishmael of the skies.
I, in the palace of delight,
Or caverns of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from Thy dear brow,
But planted thousands there!

MAGDALEN

THE Hebrew girl, with flaming brow,
The banner-blush of shame,
Sinks at the sinless Saviour's knees
And dares to breathe His name.
From the full fountain of her eyes
The lava-globes are roll'd—
They wash His feet; she spurns them off
With her ringlet-scarf of gold.

The Meek One feels the eloquence
Of agonizing prayer,
The burning tears, the suppliant face,
The penitential hair;
And when, to crown her brimming woe,
The ointment box is riven—
"Rise, daughter, rise! Much hast thou loved,
Be all thy sins forgiven!"

Dear God! The prayers of good and pure,
The canticles of light,
Enrobe Thy throne with gorgeous skies,
As incense in Thy sight;
May the shivered vase of Magdalen
Soothe many an outcast's smart,
Teaching what fragrant pleas may spring
From out a broken heart!

BEREFT

THOUGH heaven has gained one angel more, My heart, dear God, is wondrous sore; For that bright angel Thou hast won Was my sweet lamb, my only son.

How shall an earthly mother bear Such awful anguish and despair? How shall she live, and living, know Such depths of overwhelming woe?

Without Thy aid, dear God, my soul Is shipwrecked in a sea of dole; Without Thy rescuing hand, I sink Beyond the world's abysmal brink.

He was my pride, my hope, my joy—Ah, bitterest thought, my only boy!
And now, while night-winds madly rave,
My heart is buried in his grave.

Too much I worshiped him, perchance Too much I drifted from Thy glance. Thou art a jealous God, and Thou Hast put Thy crown upon my brow. I pass beneath Thy rod; I pray To find salvation's thorny way— I care not by what pangs beguiled, So it but lead me to my child.

Ah, blesséd thought to know that he Is safe from sin and misery; That, in the young May of his life, He fell unsullied in the strife.

I treasure up his image fair, I kiss his tress of shining hair, Thrilling to hope, in heaven, that he Will be "the first to welcome me."

Within Thy sheltering arms, I place My idol, glorified by grace; And, with the dear ones left, my eyes Gaze through the gates of Paradise.

LABOR AND PRAYER

ESPITE the wisdom of the past,
From lips prophetic or divine,
Men wander in this world aghast,
And ask another saving sign.
They seek cold Science in her cell,
With front of brass and feet of clay;
And this is what her sibyls tell:
"The man who labors need not pray!"

Starving upon this soulless rind,
The pilgrim, weary with his strife,
Cries to the proud poetic mind:
"Sing to us, seer, the psalm of life!"
The bard, with sensual lore endowed,
Unclasps his dreamy Book of Fate,
And answers: "Let the famished crowd
First learn to labor and to wait!"

With spirit-hunger humbler grown,
The seeker lifts his saddened eyes
To Him whose everlasting throne
Fills all the earth and all the skies;
And from that oracle of might,
Healing the torment of the rod
List to the accents of delight:
"The germ of action grows in God!"

The sum of all is: Seek ye first
The heavenly kingdom Christ restored,
Exclaiming, with supernal thirst,
"The glory Thine alone, O Lord!"
Then shall descend celestial rest,
Unknown to children of despair,
The consecration of the Blest,
In labor, patience, faith, and prayer!

Labor, to do the best we may
In patient kinship with our trust;
Faith, to illume the coming day
That wakes the tragic trance of dust;
Prayer, to deserve the Guiding Hand,
Without whose grasp our steps are vain—
Lord! to Thy other Living Land
Link us with that electric chain!

CUTHBERT

DEAUTIFUL mother
Of a beautiful boy,
Life is Death's brother;
Weep not for him
Who from the world dim
Rose to the realm of perpetual joy.

Thank God for giving,
Thank Him for taking.
To the Land of the Living
Cuthbert has flown,
By the White Throne,

Where the earth-sleepers in Heaven are waking.

No mortal bliss
Can match his above—
You've an angel to kiss,
When you aspire
To the home of desire,
Filled with an infinite Mercy and Love.

Always to you He will be glorious, "Tender and true."

Out of great sorrow Comes a bright morrow,

When your strong soul will meet him victorious.

He went before
To lead you aright,
To endure and adore.
Free from all stain,
You shall meet him again,
Crowned and caressed in kingdoms of light.

Better by far
To know he is blest,
Like a radiant star,
Than bruised by the blow
Of the world in its woe—
Better God's wonderful, mystical rest.

Happy is he,

Made a present to God,

That his mother might see

Her way to the skies,

By the path of the wise

Where the chosen who triumph in anguish have trod.

Christ, in His passion,
Teaches your heart
How sadness may fashion,
With wonderful grace,
The soul for its place
Where mothers and children have never to part.

Cling to the Cross
That was sent you to save
From terrible loss,
Till you have risen
From the tomb's prison,
Welcomed by Christ who has conquered the grave!

LOST AND SAVED

WHEN thou wert born into the world,
My darling little child,
A robin sought the window sill
And piped its "wood-notes wild,"
When thou wert laid away to rest,
Beneath the churchyard clay,
A robin came a second time
To sing a mournful lay.

Did the bird come to solace me
With message from the skies,
When thou wert welcomed to the earth
And then to Paradise?
Was it thy guardian spirit, love,
That met me, first and last,
'Across the sparkling bridge that spans
The Future and the Past?

Dear robin, with the tender heart,
I know how it is said
Your snowy bosom once became
A holy tint of red.
'Twas on the Saviour's thorny crown
You bruised your dainty breast,
And unto you and Him I come
For comfort and for rest.

Lord! thou hast given me a child And taken her away!
Behold me prostrate in the dust, A mourner night and day.
My heart is empty and my soul Rebellious in Thy sight—
Grant me the boon of perfect trust, And lead me to the light.

Teach me that it was surely best
My one ewe lamb should go
Beyond the starry gems of night
And wilderness of woe.
Teach me that on some radiant shore,
Beyond th' eternal main,
I shall behold her glorious eyes,
And clasp her form again!

Lord! I am in the Vale of Death!

No beacon burns within;

Send me a vision of my child

To break the spell of sin.

Bid her come as a bird and say:

"Mother, look up and see

How I am saved for endless joy—

Sweet mother! follow me!

"Had I remained upon the earth,
As you so fiercely prayed,
There would have come a dismal fate
To grieve your little maid.

Sorrow and sickness and despair Would toss my soul about, Till I should live a life of pain And die the death of doubt.

"Christ, in His mercy and His love,
Has spared your darling this,
Giving instead a home divine
And everlasting bliss.
Lo! He has bid me fly to you,
And in the twilight dim,
Reveal how I was called away
To lead you on to Him!

"Mother! the faith that guides to God Will bring your soul to me;
There is no other certain way
Your cherub child to see.
Close not your ears to this appeal
That calms all human strife,
Making the gloomy grave itself
The Golden Gate of Life!

"The love that shall not lose its own
Must seek celestial fire—
Must light its torch by Heavenly flame,
And not the Pagan pyre.
Mother! dear mother! hear your child
And let her win you where
The King of Glory sits enthroned
With 'angels bright and fair.'

"And when the hour shall come for you
To bid the world farewell,
I shall be hovering o'er your couch
To hear the dying knell;
And you shall see me, robed in white,
With the red-breast in my hand,
Thrilling to guide you gently on
To the Eternal Land!"

My child! I hear thy voice and heed—
I go to God and thee!

Lead thou me on to thy abode
Beyond the sapphire sea!

And while thy little body sleeps
Among the birds and flowers,
I know thy sinless spirit soars
In happier skies than ours!

RESURGAM

TEACH me, my God, to bear my cross,
As Thine was borne;
Teach me to make of every loss
A crown of thorn.
Give me Thy patience and Thy strength
With every breath,
Until my lingering days at length

Dear Jesus, I believe that Thou
Didst rise again,
Instil the spirit in me now
That conquers pain.
Give me the grace to cast aside
All vain desire,

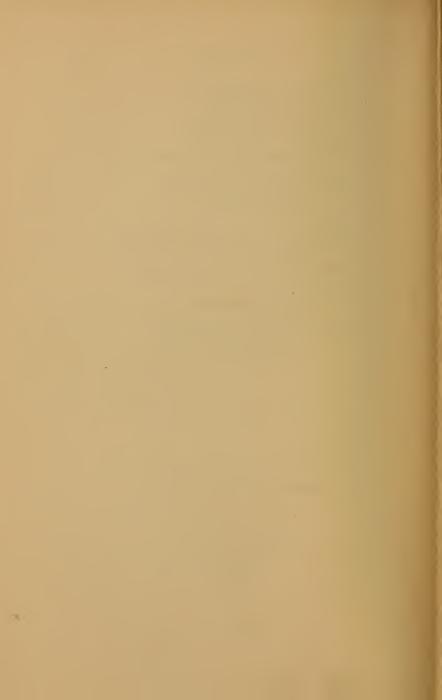
Shall welcome death.

'All the fierce throbbing of a pride That flames like fire.

Give me the calm that Dante wrought
From sensual din;
The peace that errant Wolsey sought
From stalwart sin.
I seek repose upon Thy breast
With child-like prayer;
Oh let me find the heavenly rest
And mercy there!

If I have, in rebellious ways,
Profaned my life;
If I have filled my daring days
With worldly strife;
If I have shunned the narrow path
In crime to fall—
Lead me from th' abode of wrath
And pardon all!

Banished from Thee! where shall I find
For my poor soul
'A safe retreat from storms that blind,
Or seas that roll?
Come to me, Christ, ere I, forlorn,
Sink 'neath the wave,
And on this blesséd Easter morn
A lost one save!



Notes





THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS IN BALTIMORE APRIL 19, 1861

From an old print in The Magazine of American History, showing a portion of Pratt Street with the car containing the troops halted because of the dragging of obstructions across the tracks. The arrival of Mayor Brown and Marshal Kane prevented bloodier consequences.



NOTES

MARY, MY HEART

This pure little gem of sentimental verse was probably written by Randall in his seventeenth year. A precise chronological order would place it as the last of the three addressed to the beautiful Mary Girvin. Randall developed mature powers at a comparatively early age, as is shown in all of these youthful poems, covering a period of about five years. Either his love for Mary was not returned, or some misunderstanding ensued, the story of which may never be known; but it is sufficient to say that this first affection exerted an immeasurable influence on the life of the poet, which may be partially traced in his poems.

THE COBRA CAPELLO

An interesting comparison may be made between these somewhat immature verses and Robert Browning's A Light Woman. The simile of the latter poem in the ninth stanza is Randall's metaphor of "features" that are "luscious and mellow."

CLAY

This ambitious elegy deals in the general hyperbole of praise for great leaders in politics or statecraft. Yet

making due allowance for the accustomed extravagance of a popular eulogium of the hour, we observe that the poem is marked by apt allusions to history, ancient and modern, and by comparisons from literature. The youthful poet, in writing it on the occasion of the unveiling of the Clay statue in New Orleans, won laurels in competition with the elegist chosen for the occasion, much to the latter's mortification.

His lispings fell:—refers to his early manhood as a young lawyer in Kentucky.

His trumpet-tones re-echoed:—apt allusion to Clay's prominence in the recognition by the United States of the South American republics.

The pillars of the Union quaked -From its rebellious foes:-The expression of this stanza is worthy of note as showing Randall's attachment to the Union, from which less than two years later he felt it was the truest patriotism fervently to call upon his native State to withdraw, as in the lines of My Maryland. The disunion sentiment was strong in New England on many occasions in Clay's lifetime, and was well remembered in the South, at that time most interested in preserving and enlarging the Union. Dissatisfaction in New England was expressed in Congress at the time of the Louisiana Purchase, the Embargo Act, the War of 1812, the Annexation of Texas, and about the period of the several compromises in which Clay figured so prominently. At the time of the unveiling of his statue noted Abolitionists were openly denouncing the Constitution, and praying for the dissolution of the Union. The cause for Randall's change of position, so incomprehensible to anyone failing to grasp the varied and varying relations, in history and politics, between the State and the Federal prerogatives, is given in the notes to the Poems of the War.

ODE TO PROFESSOR DIMITRY; AND MARATHON

By exact chronological arrangement, these two poems, written at Georgetown College when the poet was but sixteen years of age, should precede the elegy on Clay. Both poems attracted the notice of scholars at the time: but they were given over to temporary newspaper publicity and then permitted to pass into oblivion. The high praises accorded them by Alexander Dimitry himself, as an eminent scholar of his day, are not merely expressions of gratification at the impression his lectures had made on the mind of the hearer. Their eloquence won favorable comparison with the passages of Byron on similar themes. They will receive consideration alike with that accorded to the lines of the youthful Bryant in his Thanatopsis. The boy laureate showed himself, consciously or unconsciously, master of Tennysonian or Byronic onomatopoetic art in the lines:

"They smite their shields, they form, prepare, advance:
Sword splinters sword, lance crashes against lance—
Away! the golden lamp swings forth once more,
And all is mute upon that dreamy shore!"

THE ORIEL WINDOW

This poem slightly antedates My Maryland in point of time. In its serene peacefulness it forms a striking contrast to the martial lyric that almost immediately followed.

The bluffs, the breeze, the bulwark trees:—This stanza depicts the little chapel of the parish of Pointe Coupée, Louisiana, in the early spring of 1861.

Joliet:-Anglicized pronunciation here, as in the city

of that name; in the repetition of words and phrases in this poem, we instinctively think of the master hand of Poe, even to an occasional awkwardness in reading: compare clank ill in the tenth stanza with thereat is in The Raven.

HA! HA!

This poem of unique title is one of the most musical fantasies in the English language. The barest outline in plot and story is to be read simply in the spirit of its expression and rhythm.

Khuleborn:—So written in the only copy of the poem to be had. The original manuscript has not been found. Dr. James W. Bright, Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve, and Dr. Henry Wood have stated that the word was written for the Kühleborn of Undine, the letters hu having become transposed, either by accident or design.

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

The despot's heel:—In order to appreciate this battle-hymn and its terms, we must understand the situation as seen by the poet from the Southern point of view. Beginning early in 1861, radical steps were taken by the Federal Government to suppress the pro-Southern sympathies shown by the people of Baltimore. These may briefly be summed up as follows: The suspension of the writ of habeas corpus; the proposed imprisonment of Chief Justice Taney; the midnight arrests and subsequent confinement, without charge or trial, of some thirty members of the State Legislature, besides a number of prominent citizens; the employment of spies and informers; the seizure and appropriation of private property;

the arrests of clergymen; the suppression of newspapers; and the issuing of military orders, such as those directed against the Confederate colors, red and white, appearing in shop windows or the dress of children. All this and more seemed to Southern sentiment in Maryland as the "despot's heel," indeed. Without the knowledge of these facts, from the Northern viewpoint it is natural that the terms of the poem should seem quite "overwrought and inaccurate." Maryland found she could not serve two masters, however much her citizens might love the South while wishing to maintain the Union. (See Baltimore and the 19th of April, 1861, by Hon. George William Brown, Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.)

Avenge the patriotic gore:—On the 19th of April a number of citizens were shot while obstructing the passage of the Sixth Massachusetts on the way south. Four of the soldiers and twelve citizens were killed, while scores were wounded. The bloodshed would have been much more serious, had not the Mayor of Baltimore arrived and placed himself at the head of the troops. (See Francis Folsom's Our Police, and the bibliography of Baltimore and the Nineteenth of April, 1861, prepared by Richard D. Fisher, who viewed the march as a "Union" sympathizer.)

Carroll, Howard:—These ready and apt references, from memory, to the gallant sons of his State show that the youthful poet was well versed in and deeply inspired by the story of their lives. Carroll's sacred trust was as a delegate to the Continental Congress that drew up the Declaration of Independence. John Eager Howard, lieutenant-colonel at the Cowpens, achieved national fame. Major Samuel Ringgold commanded the American artillery and was mortally wounded at Palo Alto. His gallant services very largely contributed to the winning of that

brilliant victory. Colonel William H. Watson was killed while leading his regiment at Monterey. The fearless Lowe was Governor Lowe, who took a strong stand for the prerogatives of the State against the war measures of the Federal Government; as did Henry May.

And chaunt thy dauntless slogan song:—This verse was originally written "And add a new Key to thy song"; but in later years, Randall, at the suggestion of several critics, notably O. W. Holmes, changed it to the present form. Dr. Holmes very properly observed that the pun, while a timely local hit, was "violative of true art."

Sic semper:—Part of the motto of the "Old Dominion." The close comradeship of the States of Maryland and Virginia was early illustrated in John Hammond's Two Sisters, Leah and Rachel, which appeared in 1656.

I hear the distant thunder-hum:—What a surpassing climax does this most spirited war-song attain in this last stanza! Here is summarized in a few lines the passionate appealing of the whole poem. The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum epitomizes the chivalrous patriotism of the past in song and history. She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum. This is the poet's cry of greatest intensity, the impassioned call to arms reaching the topmost heights of triumphant anticipation. By some mistaken idea of false regard for sectional feeling, the Maryland societies have, in their publications, omitted this closing stanza of their State song.

We must concede the picture in the mind of the poet, formed but a single lifetime from the framing of the Constitution and its early interpretations, that Maryland could and would rise up in her might to throw off what was then regarded as an invasion on behalf of a newly arisen political party. The words themselves must be read in the spirit in which they were written, that of

poetic imagery, and not interpreted in logical terms or narrow literalness. To the poet, Maryland was "a rock able to withstand a mighty sea of invasion and repel it in foam or scum at its base." As for the invaders, the Massachusetts Sixth thought they were "enlisting for a picnic," against opponents whom their poets described as the "soft-handed race who eat not their bread in the sweat of their face." Who has yet suggested the omission of these and many other lines in the poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes (afterwards Randall's friend and admirer), because they might be sentimentally offensive to a section of the country? Or of Whittier's lines of intense appeal To Massachusetts, two stanzas of which are given here as containing some of Randall's terms:

And they have spurned thy word,
Thou of the old *Thirteen!*Whose soil, where Freedom's blood first pour'd,
Hath yet a darker green?
Tread the weak Southron's pride and lust
Thy name and councils in the dust?

And have they closed thy mouth,
And fix'd the padlock fast?

Slave of the mean and tyrant South!
Is this thy fate at last?

Old Massachusetts! can it be

That thus thy sons must speak of thee?

It is safe to say that no brave member of the Massachusetts Sixth or of any Northern regiment would take offense at the expressions of a war-poem of opposite sympathies or expect it to be written in terms of perfect peace and amity. Publishers of the music of Maryland! My Maryland! have taken further liberties with the words, in which they cannot be justified. Randall's great war-

poem should not be marred. What other has been so emasculated? In the oft-repeated call to "Maryland," some have found with each repetition a varied appeal, more remarkable, because more frequent, than Poe's masterly use of "Nevermore."

PELHAM

This is the one poem of Randall's, other than My Maryland, with which the average reader is familiar. This may be due to Stedman's reputed fondness for it, especially for the seventh stanza. It is certain that it is one of the very few of Randall's poems secured for publication in collections of American verse. Hence it has appeared in many volumes as one of the purest elegies brought out by the Civil War. The poet literally "gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face" when taken to its final resting place in distant Alabama. Pelham was one of six sons serving in the Southern Confederacy. He met his death on the banks of the Rappahannock, March 17, 1863. Robert E. Lee referred feelingly to the dashing youth as "the gallant Pelham."

Marcellus:—the promising stepson of Augustus, inspired Virgil's tribute in the closing passage of the Sixth Æneid.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET

Not to be confused with a song by Francis Key Howard under the same title; but as the latter was using the same title in quotation, it is presumably subsequent to Randall's poem, which was, however, set to music during the war under the title: We Sleep, But We Are Not Dead. Evidently Randall's poem was written in New

Orleans in the early months of the conflict, as numerous references to individuals indicate, while Howard's poem appeared in July, 1863. Merryman, Thomas, and Kane were all arrested in 1861 and imprisoned in Fort McHenry. Kane was the marshal of police in Baltimore at the outbreak of the war. Compare Whittier's lines—To Massachusetts:

The land is roused—its spirit Was sleeping, but not dead.

THE BATTLE CRY OF THE SOUTH

It is interesting to compare the appeals on either side of Randall and Whittier to the Scriptures, in accordance with their religious emotions and in expression of their convictions of right. As a rule, Whittier calls upon the Old Testament, as does Holmes, while Randall quotes from the New. This poem is an exception.

AT FORT PILLOW

Randall wrote this poem on hearing the news of the capture of Fort Pillow by General Forrest in 1864 with "little quarter given its garrison," half of whom were negroes. It had previously been captured from the Confederates by Federal forces. To events occurring prior to Forrest's capture and to a single terrible incident of the war does the poem refer, putting the story in the mouth of the survivor of three brothers and the "one lone sister," and carrying it up to the final capture of the fort.

JOHN W. MORTON

This poem tells an interesting story of the war; but in Randall's weakest vein of poetic expression. The editor feels that he has no right to exclude it from the fellowship of the others of vastly superior merit, taking the liberty, however, of withdrawing an even worse addition which was written in times of peace, of no especial place among war-poems, and which he can scarcely credit to the poet's pen.

THE LONE SENTRY

This poem, as is the case with My Maryland, has been published without the last stanza, with this omission probably approved by Randall himself. Here the omission improves rather than detracts from the whole. The Lone Sentry is complete without the last stanza, which was probably intended as a temporary appeal to then-existing conditions; while Maryland! My Maryland! attains its climax of expression in its wrongfully omitted stanza. The omitted stanza of The Lone Sentry reads:

Brothers! The midnight of our cause
Is shrouded in our fate—
The demon Goths pollute our halls
With fire and lust and hate!
Be strong, be valiant, be assured—
Strike home for Heaven and right!
The soul of Jackson stalks abroad
And guards the camp to-night.

ON THE RAMPART

This is a lyric of love and war. The reader may find, if he will, a sentimental ballad that carries on the story.

Randall's travels through the South during the war may be traced in his poems. Compare with this poem the *Charleston* of Timrod, referring to the earlier stages of the war.

Moultrie:—The original fortification which repelled the British fleet in 1776 was known as Fort Sullivan. Not far away is the grave of Osceola, and the scene of Poe's Gold Bug.

Secessionville:—The field of a minor engagement in the spring of 1863.

A hallowed radiance:—A stanza illustrative of Randall's art in uniting past and present, chivalry and patriotism, in poetic expression.

THE CAMEO BRACELET

This poem was written in the home of a beautiful Jewess, who, related to prominent members of her race then serving in the Confederacy in battlefield and in cabinet councils, was, like others, sacrificing everything material for the good of the cause. The poem is striking for its numerous allusions to historical figures and representations. These allusions are all the more remarkable because of the off-hand, almost immediate execution of the verses by the youthful poet to commemorate the incident of the girl's devotion to "the brave who bled."

PLACIDE BOSSIER

A tribute to a college friend who fell in battle during the Civil War.

ASHES

The date given under this poem shows that it was written in the saddest hours of a cause lost after four long years of the most fearful struggle known to modern times. And yet how beautiful is the sustaining faith of the poet in the expression of the last line!

THE UNCONQUERED BANNER

Written, not so much as a reply, but as a compliment, to the Conquered Banner of the Southern poet, Father Ryan.

Our foemen sought:—referring to the dominance of the negro and "carpet-bag" rule in Reconstruction. As the embers of conflict cooled, it was seen that the South had Northern sympathy and moral support in the struggle to overthrow, not the fighting men, but the camp-followers and the vultures of war, as in "the sordid ban of Shylock and the money-changing clan."

Casar:—A reference to the vastly increased power of the Central Government after the war. Now, let our banner—However harsh seems the partial reading of Randall's poetic generalities, the whole leaves an impression of faith and hope in the future, as here, in "Reunion" and "Right."

ARLINGTON

The following incident is given by the poet as the inspiration of the poem:

On the day that the graves of the Federal soldiers buried at Arlington were decorated, in 1869, a number of ladies entered the cemetery for the purpose of placing flowers on the graves of thirty Confederates. Their progress was stopped by bayonets and they were not allowed to perform their mission of love. During the night a high wind arose, and in the morning the floral offerings that had been placed the day before upon the Federal graves were found piled upon the mounds under which reposed the thirty Confederates.

This poem was Randall's favorite. The simplicity that marks it renders comment almost gratuitous. In the opinion of many this is the most beautiful of all the poems inspired by the war or written in memory of it. In such a well-nigh perfect lyric there is one expression which has been interpreted unfavorably to the tone of sweetness and charity that marks the thought. But the incident was heart-felt and the poet should be forgiven general terms applying to specific instances of wrong condemned alike by all. The poem is a masterpiece of storied verse, melodious, fervid, patriotic and full of the spirit of devotion.

KEATS

By request of the editor, the following note was kindly supplied by Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, with whom this elegy has been an especial favorite.

This poem has a special interest as revealing Randall's attitude toward one who, potentially at least, is entitled to be among the sovereigns of English song. The description of the cemetery in which Keats and Shelley are buried is the outcome of Randall's shaping spirit of imagination, as he was never in Rome at any period of his life. Keats died from that darling malady of the poets, consumption, February, 1821. Shelley was drowned in the Gulf of Spizzia during the summer of 1822. His body having been cast upon the shore at Viareggio, was

cremated in the presence of Lord Byron. Upon the slab which marks his grave are the words: "Cor Cordium," and a most felicitous selection from Shakespeare's Tempest.

In another part of the cemetery is the humble tomb of Keats, upon which are inscribed the lines that follow, perhaps the most pathetic and appealing known in the literature of epitaph:

This Grave
Contains all that was Mortal

OF
A Young English Poet
Who
On His Death Bed

In the bitterness of his heart
At the malicious Power of his Enemies
Desired

THESE WORDS TO BE WRITTEN ON HIS TOMESTONE: "HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER."

The pyramid of Caius Cestius, to which Randall refers, is not far away. The star-eyed skylark of the choir—An allusion to Shelley's Ode to a Skylark.

LINES ON GROWING OLD

These verses were written by Randall, half jocularly, half sadly and seriously, at the time of Dr. Osler's remarks on the age limit of usefulness, a limit the poet had already passed.

I'M NOT A POET NOW

A great deal of Randall's humorous verse has been lost. His humor often reminds us of the clever twists of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SUNDAY REVERY

Here is given a glance over the past from a sojourn in Alabama during the war. Stanza four is again a call to Maryland to join her Southern sister States.

RESURGAM

This poem gave incalculable comfort and sustaining faith to the poet's friends. It was copied into scrapbooks and learned by heart. In thought it impels comparison with Cardinal Newman's Lead, Kindly Light, but in poetic expression it is markedly different. Randall wrote it in Washington while secretary to Senator Joseph E. Brown, and at that time many prominent men thought it his noblest expression in the form of poetry.

THE END









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